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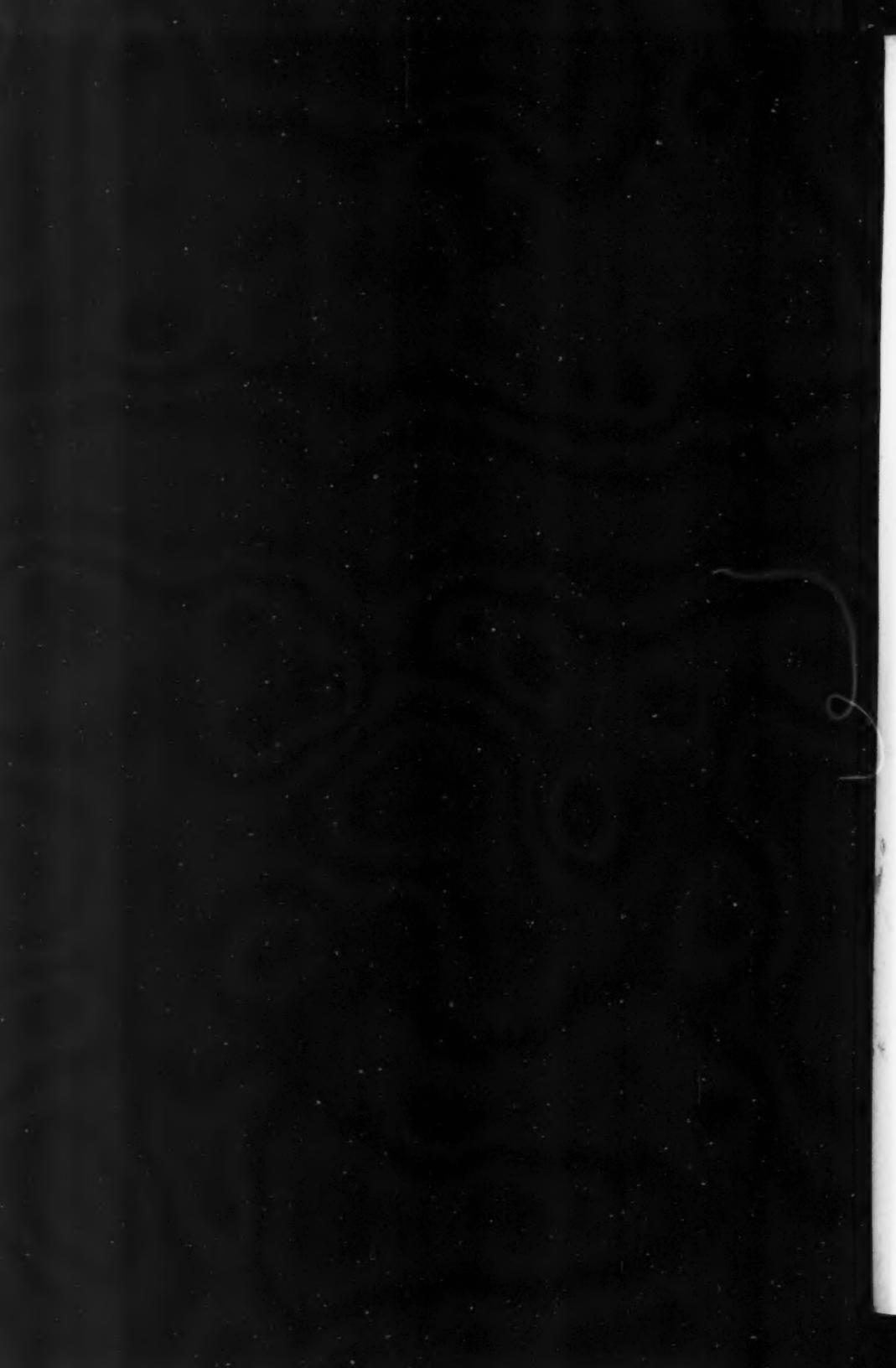
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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DIED

In Brookline, Mass., Wednesday, April 8, 1896,

ROBERT S. LITTELL,

In his Sixty-fifth Year.

From Longman's Magazine.
**THE BALTIC CANAL AND HOW IT CAME
TO BE MADE.**

The Baltic, although it may be regarded almost as an inland lake, being tideless and its water only partially salt, is the outlet for a great number of harbors situated on the German, Russian, Danish, and Finland coasts. These harbors are in communication with the interior of Germany and Russia by means of a vast network of navigable rivers and canals, one-fourth of Europe finding the outlet for its rain water into the Baltic. From these harbors are exported the produce of the countries to which they belong, consisting principally of grain, timber, wood pulp, hides, and tallow; and in return importing coal, machinery, manufactured goods, and colonial produce.

Of the thirty-three thousand vessels engaged in this traffic about one-third sail under the British flag, the bulk of the remainder belonging to Russia, Germany, and Sweden in about equal proportions. The traffic has been rapidly increasing, and now reaches about eighteen millions of tons. Nearly the whole of the fir and oak timber used for constructional purposes on the east side of England and for coopering comes from the Baltic, that used on the west side being imported principally from America. A very large trade is also carried on in the importation of timber sleepers for the railways, and also in poles and timber for propping up the roofs in coal mines. The chief places for the import of timber are London, Grimsby, Hull, and Hartlepool, and for mining timber and sleepers Boston, Grimsby, Hartlepool, Sunderland, the Tyne, and the Scotch ports.

As the depth of water in most of the Baltic harbors is small, the large vessels engaged in the American and colonial trade are unable to enter them, and consequently generally stop at Copenhagen, and so avoid the dangerous passage of the Sound. Here the cargoes are unloaded and transferred to smaller vessels for distribution to the various ports to which they are consigned. The Danish government, alive

to the danger of losing the monopoly of this traffic, which they have hitherto had, owing to the construction of the new canal, have within the last few years spent a million of money in improving their harbor and providing facilities for the transport and warehousing of merchandise in transit. Copenhagen has been declared a free port, and no customs duties are levied on merchandise landed solely for transit. The water area of the new port covers fifty-seven acres, and the quays have a depth of thirty feet at low water. There being no tide in the Sound, and only rarely ice enough in winter to block the navigation, the harbor is practically accessible at all times for vessels of the largest tonnage.

The Baltic is divided from the North Sea, which is the great highway to and from it for all the traffic trading to this country and other parts of the world, by the narrow neck of land constituting the provinces of Schleswig-Holstein and Jutland. This peninsula overlaps the southern part of Sweden, leaving only a narrow channel, which is further decreased in width by the island of Zealand, which divides it in two. These narrow gutways, known respectively as "the Sound" and "the Belts," open out into the Cattegat, after traversing which vessels have to round the Skaw, the northernmost part of Jutland, and then double back southwards down the Skager Rack to the North Sea. The passage through the Sound and the Belts is strewn with dangers. The currents run very strong; its waterway of only three miles in width at the narrowest place in the Sound, and varying from four to twenty miles through the Belts, is enclosed by the rocky coast of Sweden on the one side and the flat, sandy coasts of Denmark on the other, and is encumbered with innumerable banks and shoals. Sudden and violent squalls frequently rise in these seas, adding to the other dangers, and often when the winds are contrary sailing vessels are delayed for several days, and sometimes weeks.

To assist the navigation of these dangerous seas the Danish government,

by treaty with the Hanse-towns in the fourteenth century, undertook to erect beacons and lights along the coast, in consideration for which all vessels navigating the Cattegat paid dues to Denmark. This power to levy dues remained in force for five hundred years, and the "Sound dues" were only abolished in 1857, under a treaty entered into by all the maritime nations of Europe, and by a subsequent treaty with the United States. Inconsideration of Denmark still continuing to maintain the lighting and beaconing and the management of the pilot service, she was paid about four millions of money, of which Great Britain's share was 1,125,206L.

There is no part of the world which has such a black record for wrecks as these narrow seas. The number in some years has averaged more than one a day, the greatest number of wrecks recorded in one year being four hundred and twenty-five, and the smallest one hundred and fifty-four. About fifty per cent. of these vessels became total wrecks, all the crews being lost. In the four years 1877-81 no less than seven hundred lives were lost. With regard to these wrecks the fact, however, must not be lost sight of that many of the vessels navigating these seas are old and ill-found, especially those engaged in the timber trade, for which any vessel condemned for other traffic used to be thought good enough. Many boats which fail to pass the Board of Trade survey are sold to the Swedes and Norwegians, and run for many years afterwards in the Baltic trade. Sailing vessels are much more liable to be wrecked on these coasts than steamers, and as the former are rapidly being superseded the proportionate number of wrecks is decreasing.

It has been the dream of Denmark for the last five hundred years to provide a remedy for the dangers of navigation in these seas by a marriage of the North Sea with the Baltic by means of a waterway across the peninsula, which at one time belonged to that country. In this Denmark

partially succeeded by the construction of the Elder Canal; but the union has now been more effectually accomplished, but by Germany instead of Denmark.

At the end of the fourteenth century access from the Baltic to Hamburg and the North Sea was obtained by a canal made at the expense of the Hanse city of Lübeck. This waterway, which branched out from the Elbe, is still in existence. Other partial communications were also opened out, but it was not till the end of the last century that a waterway was made between the two seas by King Christian VII. of Denmark, by canalizing the river Elder, and where necessary making new cuts. This canal runs from Kiel, in the Baltic, to Tönning, in the North Sea, at the mouth of the Elbe. It is partly tidal, and has six locks, the summit being twenty-three feet above the Baltic. It is one hundred miles in length, one hundred feet wide at the surface, and ten feet deep. The locks are ninety-five and one-half feet long and twenty-four and three-quarters feet wide, with nine feet of water on the sills. This work may be considered as a great undertaking for the time when it was accomplished, and its need is evidenced by the fact that at one time as many as four thousand vessels used it in one year. As steam became more generally used the number fell off to one thousand five hundred in 1863. During the Franco-German war, when the German navy was kept in check by the French men-of-war lying off Heligoland, where they were stationed to keep watch over the Sound, this canal was made use of by the Germans for the passage of gun-boats and transports.

Useful, however, as this canal has been in its time, the increase in the size of vessels made an enlarged and improved waterway a necessity. After Schleswig and Holstein had been transferred from Danish to German rule, and the two countries were once more on peaceful terms, the matter of the canal was taken up by the State of Prussia, and in 1864 instructions were given for the preparation of a scheme

for a new canal. The matter was, however shelved, owing to the war which broke out between Prussia and Austria, and afterwards by the Franco-German war of 1870.

In 1878 Herr Dahlström, a merchant of Hamburg, at his own expense, took the matter up, and had surveys made and a scheme prepared very much on the lines subsequently carried out.

This scheme was laid before the first Emperor William, who at once realized its importance. The Franco-German war, although it had led to delay in the making of the canal, had presented an object lesson on naval affairs which was not to be disregarded.

The naval force of Germany, small and weak as it was at that time, was yet divided into two parts—one in the Baltic for the defence of those coasts, and the other on the Elbe—the two portions being prevented from uniting by the French fleet, which at the beginning of hostilities was stationed so as to command the Sound, and thus prevented all sea communication between the two German naval stations at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. Thus the German navy was paralyzed and unable to be of assistance to the land forces.

The advantage of Heligoland, which was ceded to Germany by this country in exchange for concessions on the African continent, either to an attacking or defending force, became manifest. Any large fleet attempting to navigate the Elbe, the Jade, or the Weser, owing to the depth required for the vessels, must come within a measurable distance of this island, and its value as a means of protection to the naval station at Wilhelmshaven and of the commerce of Hamburg and Bremen cannot be overrated, more especially since the opening of the new canal into the Elbe. The transfer from England to Germany of this island, combined with the opening out of a waterway capable of being navigated by the largest class of war vessels across the Jutland peninsula, has thus added immensely to the power of Germany in these northern seas.

When Herr Dahlström's scheme was brought to the notice of the emperor he at once realized its importance by opening out a road for the two fleets, without their having to navigate through Danish territory, or being exposed to the dangers of a hostile fleet commanding the Sound, while at the same time it would provide a means for German ships to navigate between Hamburg and Bremen and the Baltic without going out of German territory. The emperor's advisers, however, were not unanimous in their opinion as to the advantages to be derived from the projected canal. Moltke's views, as openly expressed, were that if Germany was ready to find the sum which the canal would cost for military purposes, the amount would be better expended in a second fleet. Instead of on a canal for the fleet; that if it was contended that it was necessary for commercial purposes, then other nations would benefit more from it than Germany; and if it was further urged that these other countries would contribute toward the cost, in that case the canal would then have to be considered as international, and therefore useless from a military point of view. The emperor and the Reichstag, however, took a different view. The scheme was passed and the matter relegated to the executive to carry out, the necessary funds being voted for the purpose on condition that the State of Prussia, the part of the empire that would derive the greatest gain from it commercially, undertook to guarantee the interest on two and a quarter millions of pounds, or rather more than one-fourth of the estimated outlay.

The government having adopted the canal, the surveys and plans for the work were pushed rapidly forward, and as soon as these were completed the inauguration ceremony took place in the presence of the Emperor William I., in June, 1887, when he declared the work to be "for the honor of Germany, and for the good, the greatness, and the strength of the empire." Eight years later, in June last, amidst much pomp and ceremony, his grandson, the

present Emperor William, declared the canal open for traffic.

Kiel Bay, which forms the terminus of the canal at the Baltic end, is a magnificent harbor, six miles long and a mile and a quarter wide, opening out into a large outer bay, which forms a safe and commodious roadstead. It has perfect anchorage, with a depth of from thirty to fifty feet, and is sufficiently capacious for all the largest vessels of the German navy to manoeuvre. The country round this port and naval station is famous for its forest and lake scenery, and has within the last few years been visited by great numbers of English yachts, owing to the regattas which have been held under the fostering patronage of the emperor. The Baltic, with its beautiful woodland scenery and lovely deep blue water and its quaint fishing villages, now that it has been rendered more accessible, will no doubt become a favorite cruising ground for yachtsmen during the summer days and the bright nights of the north.

The other terminus is at Holtenau, about eighteen miles up the Elbe. The country here, with its desolate tract of low flat sandy coast, presents a great contrast to that of Kiel.

For some distance the canal pursues the course of the old Eider Canal, a portion of which it has absorbed, the remainder being connected with the new waterway by a lock. The canal is sixty-one and one-half miles long, two-thirds the length of the Suez, and not quite double that of the Manchester Ship Canal. The water is practically level throughout, locks being placed at the Elbe end to provide for the rise and fall of the tide, and at the Baltic end only to be used during heavy gales, when the level of the sea is affected by the wind. The rise of the tide in the Elbe is ten feet, or in very extreme cases fifteen feet, and very heavy gales occasionally raise or depress the surface of the Baltic several feet. Under extreme circumstances there might be a sufficient difference of level to make locks at each end a necessity. The locks are very substantial and massive

structures, and have added nearly a million to the cost of the canal. They claim to be, if not for actual length or width, yet the largest in the world, and are of sufficient capacity to admit warships of the first class and vessels as large as the Atlantic liners. The largest dock and ship canal locks in this country are built singly, or if, as in the case of the Manchester Ship Canal, there is more than one lock, these are of different sizes, for the purpose of passing larger or smaller vessels, as the case may be, and so economizing water. Those, however, on the Baltic Canal are built in pairs, each of equal capacity, one lock being intended for vessels entering and the other for those leaving, a system which, though adding largely to the cost, has the advantage that if any accident happened to one set of gates, or to the appliances for opening and closing them, the other lock would be available. The total length of these locks is 712 feet, the useful length, or that between the gates, being 492 feet. The width is 82 feet, and the depth of water on the sill 31½ feet. As a comparison with these dimensions it may be stated that some of our largest men-of-war are 367 feet long, 68 feet wide, and have 28 feet draught; and the large Atlantic liners are 558 feet long, 72 feet wide, with 26 feet draught. These, therefore, could only pass through at high water.

The canal is crossed by six main roads and four railways, for which six fixed bridges, having single spans of five hundred and twelve feet, giving a headway of one hundred and thirty-eight feet, and four swing bridges, having a waterway of one hundred and sixty-four feet, have been provided. Communication between the two sides, where the less important roads have been intersected, is afforded by flat-bottomed ferry boats placed every four miles apart, and worked by wire ropes; or by a roadway resting on stages fixed on boats which swing across the canal.

The country through which the canal has been cut is generally flat, and in places low and marshy, especially along the part near the Elbe, the level of the

water in some places being above that of the land through which the canal passes. For a short distance near Grünthal, at the watershed of the Elbe and the Eider, there is a cutting of nearly one hundred feet in depth. The soil varied very much, in places consisting principally of very compact and hard glacial drift interspersed with large boulders, some of which had to be blasted before they could be removed. The deep cutting at Grünthal was through strata consisting of clay in disturbed beds, and occasioned much trouble from the sides slipping into the excavation. Along the marshes the surface consisted of a mossy turf with a marly subsoil, in some places so soft as to be incapable of bearing the tread of the men, and which filled up the excavation as fast as it was made. This part of the work gave the greatest trouble, and the difficulty was only overcome by bringing sand from other parts in trucks along a railway made for the purpose, and tipping it from stages into the bog, the sand sinking in some places to a depth of thirty feet below the surface, while the bog spewed up in a most remarkable manner for a width of fifty feet. When sufficient sand had been tipped to form two solid banks, or dams, on either side the material was excavated from between them. The quantity of sand used in five and one-half miles of this boggy ground was over two and one-half million cubic yards. The total quantity of material excavated amounted to one hundred million cubic yards, or double that required for the Manchester Ship Canal, and about one-fifth more than for the Suez.

The works were carried out under the direction of an imperial department, or canal commission, consisting of a director, two chief engineers, and a legal adviser. The headquarters were situated at Kiel. The canal was divided into five sections, each having its separate staff and employing about fifty engineers, who were drawn for the purpose from government departments in different parts of the empire. The principal works were let by tender to contractors in divisions under the

separate heads of earth work, masonry, machinery, etc.

For the working of the canal and pilots a permanent department has been organized, which forms two small colonies of offices, workshops, and residences at Holtenau and Brunsbüttel.

The peninsula through which the canal passes is only very sparsely populated, and the few inhabitants who live there have plenty of employment in tilling their land and tending their cattle, and are of too independent a character to care about working for wages. They are the descendants of the old Jutes and Angles who many centuries ago came to this country on plundering expeditions, many of them remaining behind and populating a great part of East Anglia. The men from the Elbe marshes found a congenial home in the fens of Lincolnshire, a great resemblance in manners and appearance being said to exist at the present day between the marsh men of the Elbe and the inhabitants of the Fenland. Brunsbüttel was the chief home of the pirates, who in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries harried the Hamburg traders, and the people who now inhabit the Jutland peninsula can claim as distinguished pirates and adventurers amongst their ancestors as any aristocratic German baron or count. The natives of these parts also used to bear an unenviable notoriety for looking upon the wrecks which were so numerously stranded on their coast as a legitimate means of adding to their resources. An old tradition exists that prayers at one time used to be offered up in the churches that "their coasts might be blessed," the interpretation put upon which by a pastor who was remonstrated with for using such a prayer being that he did not pray for wrecks, but that if in the divine wisdom of Providence wrecks must be, all he asked was that they might happen on the part of the coast inhabited by his parishioners.

As at times from eight thousand to ten thousand laborers, mechanics, and overseers were employed on the canal,

it was necessary not only to import men from other places, but also to provide for housing and feeding them. These imported men were principally Germans, Poles, and Italians, and it speaks well for the management that the aggregation of so much political effervescence as was brought together did not lead to any strikes or disturbances.

The wages paid varied from three shillings upwards, many of the better class of laborers being able to earn eight shillings a day at piece-work. Many of the men of frugal habits who remained on the work from commencement to finish, owing to the cheapness of their food and lodging, and to the aid given by the savings banks which formed part of the system, were enabled to save enough to keep them for the rest of their days.

The accommodation required was not left to be provided by the various contractors, but was undertaken by the government. Large barracks were built, each capable of accommodating from fifty to a hundred men. They were provided with dining-halls, which were also used for service on Sundays. As far as possible the different nationalities were aggregated together in separate barracks. The dormitories held from eight to ten men each, and were provided with an iron bedstead, seaweed mattress, bolster, sheets and blankets, and a locker and stool. Two principal hospitals were provided, but each separate building had its own surgery and dispensary. Stores were maintained where clothes, tobacco, and other requirements could be obtained at cost price.

The general management, as far as possible, was conducted as a military organization. The average number of working hours was ten. Before going to work, which commenced at six o'clock when it was light, the men were supplied with coffee and rolls. The second breakfast, consisting of coffee, rolls, and sausages, was sent on to the works. Dinner was served in the dining-hall at twelve, and supper after work was finished. The pay for an ordinary

laborer for lodging, lights, and morning coffee, dinner, and washing was 7½d. a day, breakfast and supper being paid for extra. Beer was not forbidden, but its use was not encouraged. Accommodation was provided for the wives, who were employed in the kitchen and laundry, but they were not allowed to work on the canal.

The canal is lighted throughout by electricity. In the Suez Canal the lighting is effected by powerful electric lamps placed on the vessels, which illuminate the space for some distance in front. On the Baltic Canal the system consists of incandescent lights on posts fixed at intervals on the banks and at the docks.

Although the construction of the canal has not involved any very special engineering, such as was required to overcome the difficulties met with in the Manchester Ship Canal, the works have been well designed and well carried out. The locks are substantially and well built, and the bridges and buildings show evidence of careful design, neat finish, and good workmanship, and in some cases of architectural taste.

Compared with other works of a similar character, merit may certainly be claimed for the fact that the canal has been completed for less than the original estimate, and within the time originally stated. To a great extent this no doubt arises from the money having been provided by government, and hence the absence of any necessity for payments for financing the scheme, such as were so freely squandered on the Suez Canal; there was also no outlet for the large sums paid for the Manchester Ship Canal in obtaining the necessary parliamentary sanction, in law costs, and in compensation for vested rights. The total cost has been about seven and three-quarter millions of pounds, as compared with sixteen million for the Manchester Ship Canal and twenty millions for the Suez Canal.

As regards the commercial advantages of the new waterway, whatever will be Germany's gain will to a great

extent be Denmark's loss. The two rivals, although each declaring the best intentions, are jealously watching one another. It remains to be seen whether the attraction at Copenhagen and the inducements offered for vessels to make use of the new free port will be sufficient to counteract the rival claims of the canal. For vessels trading to England from the Baltic there will be a saving of distance, and consequent gain in time and safety; but to set against this it is anticipated that the improved waterway will open up a market in the Baltic ports for the sale of Westphalian coal, which, owing to the difficulty of transit, has not hitherto been able to compete with English coal. The opening up of the Dortmund-Ems Canal, which will be completed next year, will place the Westphalian coal fields in direct communication with the Baltic, and permit of the traffic of vessels of five hundred tons. The exports of British coal in 1893 to Russia amounted in value to 770,148*l.*; to Sweden, 788,678*l.*; to Denmark, 668,072*l.*; and to the German Baltic ports 500,000*l.* This traffic is of great importance to this country, not only for its direct benefit in the sale of the mineral, but in reducing the freight of timber and other produce by providing return cargoes for the vessels employed.

For vessels going from the Baltic to Hamburg and up the Elbe the saving in distance by the new canal will be over four hundred miles, which is equal to a saving in time for a steamer of about two days; for vessels going to Bremerhaven, three hundred and twenty-three miles; to the Dutch ports, two hundred and thirty-seven miles; to Dover and all ports to the south and west, two hundred and thirty-nine miles; to Hull, one hundred and eighty miles; to Newcastle, one hundred and seven. North of this to the Scotch ports the saving will be little or nothing. Allowing for the decreased speed through the canal, the saving in time for vessels passing Dover will be about ten hours, and also there will be the saving of pilot dues through the Sound. The duties imposed for using the canal are, however, heavy,

and will deter all the smaller class of steamers and those carrying merchandise commanding low-priced freights from making use of it. It is also contended that in winter the Elbe is much more frequently frozen, and for a longer time than the Sound, and that the danger of navigation is often as great as by the other route. So far the traffic has certainly not come up to expectation, except in the case of the Hamburg trade, three-fourths of the vessels using the canal going to and from that port. The opinion at present of shipowners and traders is that while the dues remain at the present rate it will only pay in the case of very few vessels to use the canal. It has been found that for vessels of about eight hundred tons from London to the Baltic the dues will amount to more than the saving in coal, wages, and other expenses by the old route.

Considerable improvement in the harbors and rivers in the Baltic and in the Elbe has recently been going on, partly in anticipation of the increased traffic which is expected to result on the opening of the canal. A million and a half has been spent in deepening and improving the Weser, so as to provide for the navigation of the largest of vessels up to Bremen. A deep-water harbor has been constructed at Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe. The quays and depth of water at Hamburg have been greatly improved. At Stettin and Königsberg large works of improvement are now in progress; Russia is constructing a new harbor at the mouth of the Neva, and both this country and Germany are opening out and improving very largely their rivers and canals. The Danish works at Copenhagen have already been referred to, and Sweden, not to be left behind, is following suit at Malmö.

The opening of the North Sea and Baltic, or Nord-Ost-See Canal, as it has generally been known in Germany, was effected by the Emperor William III., with much pomp and ceremony, and received its official name as the "Kaiser Wilhelm Canal." Following the example set by De Lesseps at the opening of

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HEIRS OF KELLIE.
AN EPISODE OF FAMILY HISTORY.

CHAPTER V.

the Suez Canal, the inauguration was made an international affair. All the great European maritime nations and the United States were invited to send representatives. Germany herself had seventeen of her largest war-ships present. England was represented by the Royal yacht Osborne, with the Duke of York on board, and the Admiralty yacht Enchantress, and three battle-ships, three cruisers, and three gunboats. Italy sent eight ships; the United States, four. France, Russia, Holland, Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Spain, Turkey, Roumania, were all represented. The procession took eight hours to pass through the canal, and was led by the emperor in the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, which was followed by twenty-three vessels carrying the principal guests. The officers and crews of all the vessels were liberally entertained by the German authorities, and a week of festivities was kept up, ending with a regatta for yachts at Kiel. It was certainly a remarkable feature of the times to see all these mighty engines of destruction, belonging to different, and at times hostile, nations, engaged in taking part in such a peaceful ceremony. Such a gathering together of ships of war of all nations for peaceful purposes had certainly never been previously witnessed in the history of the world. If the best guarantee of peace is to be prepared for war, then this naval demonstration at Kiel was an object lesson not to be forgotten.

Among all this harmony and rejoicing there were not wanting, however, persons of a sufficiently cynical turn of mind to ask why all these nations should come together to rejoice because Germany was endeavoring not only to steal a march over her neighbors in her commercial relations, but had strengthened her naval resources, and obtained an advantage over at least some of those who were represented in any contest which future political complications may at any time bring about.

W. H. WHEELER.

The house of Over-Kellie had not the dignity of the castle; yet the living-room into which Peter strayed with absent eyes, flinging himself down on an oak bench beside the long table, was not entirely without pretension. The windows were high in the walls; the fire was a wide-spreading ingle, with some seats under its ruddy arch. A large oaken table occupied the centre of the room; but it was kept with greater care than was common, cleanly swept, with a pair of large silver candlesticks on the high mantel-shelf, and some carving on the panels. On one side of the fireplace a casement had been put in with a broad sill, so that the women might have light for their work, and weapons hung upon the walls by way of ornament—an old Andrea Ferrara, and some pieces of plain armor such as were worn by squires and yeomen. The only thing that made any stronger call upon the attention was the carving of the mantelpiece, on which there was what seemed a rough copy of the shield which occupied a similar position at Kellie Castle, with the motto sprawling in rather ungainly letters, out of proportion with the armorial bearings, *A tout pourvoir*, in a lengthened scroll by itself.

The leddy, or, to compromise the matter, the mistress of Over-Kellie, which was a title equally befitting, whether she was by right gudewife or leddy, came hurriedly out of the house to greet Pate, eager to hear all that had happened, and what had specially befallen himself in this crisis of his affairs. The mistress had still hoped, or persuaded herself she hoped, that the previous news about Sir Walter's will might be untrue; and, as she followed her son up the few steps which led to the great room, had overflowed in a string of questions, echoed by her daughter Margaret, who followed close upon her steps. "Oh, Pate! what did they say till ye? was the writer there?

was there any person that had authority? Pate, my man, did you lay his head in the grave?—for sure, it was your right."

"Ay," said Peter, "I laid his head in the grave—muckle good as that did me; for sure, as you say, it was my right."

"And is it true about the testament?" asked his sister.

"It canna be true—I will not believe it: it is but the ill-will of Maister Playfair," said the mistress; "they were ever against our house."

"Mother, mother, what has the writer to do with it? he cannot alter what Sir Walter says. But maybe it is not so ill as we thought," said Margaret, with devouring eyes on her brother's face.

"Let me be! let me be! I would like a stoup of your ale, mother. The roads are very heavy both for man and beast."

"You are tired, my bonnie lad! Na, I'll not say another word," said the mistress, while Margaret flew downstairs to get him the refreshment he asked. "We might have thought if we had not been so taken up concerning the news. Na, na, I will not hurry you, my Patie. Just take your time, my bonnie lad!"

And she seated herself on the settle near the fire, and took up, not without a little ostentation and with a sigh of excitement, her habitual work. Margaret stood gazing on the other side of the table while he drank, and their united force of curiosity and suspense moved him more by repression than it had done by utterance.

"Well, then," said Pate, "hear this: my Lord Oliphant—that is the head of our name—if I were ten times over the first of it in Fife, no mortal man can contradict that."

A sob of opposition and protest came from the overcharged bosom of the mistress. Mortal man she was not, but woman; and therefore resistant to every statement which diminished the importance of those she loved.

"The head of our name," repeated Pate, with a wave of his hand, in fine acknowledgment of an allegiance which was not agreeable to him. "There is

therefore excuse, if excuse were wanted. It is no alienation; but might, in the language of some persons, be conceived a giving back."

Pate was not without his share of schooling; he could be sententious, which has always been a possibility to a Scotsman, when he chose.

"Given back!" said the quick Margaret, "but it never came from thence. Look at the Buik, and look at the tree. It was no fief of Aberdalghie, but won by our awin spear and our awin bow."

The women were wild with this outrageous pretence; but Pate, whose heart, he thought, was broken, bent his head down on his hands, and spoke no word.

Afterwards he began to tell them what had happened, which they listened to with cries of indignation and wrath. If it had been the Prince of Scotland (or of Wales, as it was heard with indignation that the heir of the crown was now to be called) who had tried to push forth Pate from his lawful place, his mother and sister would have risked their loyalty to resist it. But a young popinjay of a master of Oliphant, as Robbie Beatoun had justly said! And then by degrees they elicited from Pate all he had heard about Sir Walter's incompetence, and how Sir John and the writer between them had swayed his mind, in spite of all that Maister Melville, good friend and true, had been able to do.

"I am no for fechting," said the mistress. "I've seen more of it in my time than I would desire to see again; but to sustain a mortal wrong, and not to say a word—I would raise the country afore I would abide that."

"I would rather sell my shoon off my feet, and my gown off my back!" said Margaret, ever the first to see what was the real question.

"Whisht, mother, whisht! If it was to raise the country and haud the castle against whoever should oppose! Ah!" cried Pate, with a sigh, "that was the way in the former days, when there was a king in Scotland."

"And whatfor no?" cried the mistress, with a gleam of war in her eyes; but

then she threw her apron over her head and began to cry. "The Lord forgive me," she said; "to bid the lads to fecht, that are aye o'er ready; and me that have seen the son brought in stiff and stark to his ain mother's hearthstane! Oh, no, my Patie, no! I am an ill woman to think such thoughts."

"If that were the way of it!" cried Pate. "But the strong hand will not serve us, mother; and he is the chief of our name. How could I rouse the fisher-lads at St. Monance, that are 'most Oliphants, against the head of our own name?"

"There's not one of them but would follow you, Pate. It is you that are the head of the name!"

"Whisht, Peggy!—to their death and the ruin of their sma' houses, and starvation to their bairns—me that should rather feed and fend them!" Peter half turned with a wave of his hand towards the motto rudely carved upon the mantelpiece, "*A tout pourvoir.*" He pronounced it as his equal might do to-day, Aw toutt pourvoire. "If ye ken nothing else, you ken the meaning of that."

The women turned their eyes to it sadly, both answering, yet with reluctance, to the spell. "Indeed it was an ill day it was pitten there," said the mistress, shaking her head. "Your father, honest man—and blessed be his rest!—was just wud of these auld words. Never was there a crownpiece to ware upon unthankful folk but yon was what he said. Yon fishers in St. Monance! He would point it to me that would have held him back, and says he, 'Ye dinna understand, Marg'ret, but I understand. The haill tot provided for: that's what it means—and the honor of my name.' 'Laird, laird,' I aye said, 'you are far o'er muckle taken up with the honor of your name.'"

"Not so," said Pate.

"Never so!" cried young Margaret, kindled and shining forth, her eyes "keen with honor" in a glow of youth and brightness against the old dull panelled wall.

"And that is just what cuts deep-

est," said the young man—"the law, and the siller; it is either to abide the wrong, or to risk the pickle land and the old rooftree, and your living, mother. Say that Peggy is safe in Rob Beatoun's hands. But there is you and me, and them that hang upon us. Me, I could go away to the wars in Germany, where there's ever place for a Scot, like many a kinsman before me; but that would be no pleasant issue for my mother."

"O Pate! Pate!" she cried, otherwise speechless, holding up her hands in an agony.

"And the plea at law," he went on. "The plea at law! there's something that is as devouring as the grave. And it's that is the only way. Look, mother! shall I take your living and mine and fling it to thae dogues? I might get righted of my wrong; but if not we would be beggars, with a wallet on our back and a staff in our hand. And what would come of the name, then, or the old o'erword of the name? My heart is just broken," cried Pate, with a wild movement of his arms. "Run the risk of everything we yet possess—or else brook the wrong. How is a man to decide? Whiles I think I would sooner perish than brook the wrong—"

"You must not do it, you must not do it!" cried the mother and daughter in one breath.

"Or be counted among the dyvors at the horn," cried Pate. "The broken men that have neither land nor dwelling to their name. The Lord preserve me! but I am in a sore strait. Dishonor one way and ruin the t'other. To be stripped of all, or to sit still like a coward and brook the wrong and the shame!"

At this moment the attention of the agitated group was suddenly diverted. The sound of a horse's hoofs, urged in a headlong gallop along the road, had been audible for a minute or two; and now there rang into the air the sudden clash of the swinging gate, the bringing up of a horse upon the paved yard, and the sound of some one flinging from the saddle. "Where are they? in the big room?" some one cried; and

the door swinging open admitted Mistress Jean from the castle, breathless with haste, excitement, and agitation, her fair face glowing, her bright hair waving, her riding-skirt splashed with the heavy mud of the road. "Oh, take me in!" she cried. "Oh, save me, leddy; I have no place to hide my head, and Kellie has come into a stranger's hands."

"My bonnie bairn!" cried the mistress, rising from her seat, "who has dared to frichten you like this?"

"Oh, I'm safe, I'm safe," cried Mistress Jean, "now I'm here. But I thought I would never win here—" She flung herself into the great chair from which the mistress had risen. "The hall is full of men," she said, pushing back her hair from her forehead, "drinking wine and holding muckle loud talk—and my brother, Sir Walter, that was lying there yestreen, only laid in his grave this very day."

"If there was any man that dared," cried Peter, flaming up in response, with a kindled eye and flashing face, "to lay a little finger upon you—"

"On me!" cried Mistress Jean, in high disdain. "He would have brooked a buffet in reply, and that I can answer for; but yonder young lord—if he's the maister of Ollphant, as they say, he does muckle harm to a good name—he cried to me as a bonnie lass, the coward loon! and held wine to me to drink the health of the new lord—me! that am leddy by all rules in my ain right."

"And so you are," cried Margaret, "I have ever said so—if nature and law were the same."

The mistress shook her head. "Not for a lass, not for a lass!" she said; but her kind hand rested with a caressing touch upon the girl's shoulder. "Think no more o't," she said, "my bonnie doo! you are safe here."

"But I must think more of it," cried Mistress Jean. "I am no doo, but of a fighting race. He is riding off the morn, that painted pyet of a maister—maybe to-night. And by St. Margaret!—which is a good oath, for we bear her blood—I'll hold the auld house against him and all his! I will do it! Cousin Pate,

you're my chief vassal, for you're the next of the name: you're my captain; up with you, when you hear what I say! Raise every Olphant in Fife. They are no maidens spinning at their wheels, but burly men!"

Pate had started with a reddening cheek at the word vassal; but with another glance at her, a smile of wonderful tenderness and brightness came over his face, and he bowed his head with a look of mingled reverence and protection beautiful to see. "That am I," he said, "and at my lady's bidding I'll—" He paused again. The old cloud, dissipated for a moment, came over him. "But, Mistress Jean," he said, "bethink you first what it will be. Clean rebellion against king and law."

"I have ever been a queen's woman," cried Jean; "and that for your law!" she cried, snapping her fingers, "that takes your native heritage out of your hands, because, at God's will, not your own, you are a lass born instead of a man!"

"Eh! and from the man also—the true heir—at the will of a doited auld laird," cried the mistress, forgetting the foremost grace of hospitality in her indignation for her son.

"How dare you call my brother, Sir Walter, a doited—" cried Jean, with flashing eyes. And then suddenly she calmed down. "It's maybe true, since both him and me we are cheated of our rights. And are ye then so slack, Peter Olphant, that for the sake of king and law ye will not stand to defend your own?"

"Lady Jean," said Pate, "I and mine are at your orders, and our right is the same; but for the lads that would follow me, and rise at your name—the fishers at St. Monance, the small farmers intill Carnbee—every man with his little gear that he has gathered out of the heavy ploughland or the stormy sea—do ye mind that every one would be putten to the horn, their sma' teneaments levelled with the earth, and their bairns scattered to the winds? For this house we are ready, though it means want for my mother and banishment

(at the best) for me. We were not even without a thought of it, as they will tell you,—though I allow for our own hand,—till that glowered at me in the face."

"What?" cried Jean, staring wildly, as if he had pointed to a ghost.

He pointed again in silence to the fireplace, where Jean's lighter eyes caught the rough carving with a flutter of volatile observation. "Eh!" she cried, "but it's ill done! But all this mocking, and I want a true man. What are these auld words—if I kent what they meant—to you, Peter Oliphant, and me?"

"They are just the o'erword of the race," he said, "that our fathers have left to us—the best they could, and the most meaning in the least buik.¹ To provide for all, that's what it means—no to devote them to death and ruin for our service. Mistress Jean, when you think well of it, that will suffice, I trow, for you and me."

"I trow no such thing!" cried the girl; "for what should a man die for if not for his laird's rights, or his leddy's, as the case may be? Is there aucht more honorable, Pate?—a good cause and a good weapon, and stout auld walls to hold against the world! Me, that am only a lass, the more's the pity, it would put pith into the very arm of me!"

She held it out, pushing up her sleeve—a well-knit, vigorous, brown arm, but so slim and soft that the tension of the general feeling was relieved by the sudden laugh into which she herself was the first to break. "But a pistol covers all that," she added afterwards. "I could load and I could fire with any man."

"But no to shoot a neighbor dead," said Margaret, with a shiver, holding the soft arm with two caressing hands, smoothing down the sleeve over it with a tender touch. The thrill ran through the other, too, though she tossed her fair head.

"I did not say a neighbor; but if it was yon fause gallant, with his air like a lady's love, and his coarse cry to what he thought was a lass of no

account—Yon was no gentleman, Cousin Pate," she said, turning to him with a glance which made Pate's face glow crimson, and filled his heart with a sudden flood of pride and exhilaration. The appeal in itself carried a sanction higher than that of any court of honor. Jean's implied acknowledgment of her rustic cousin's highest claim could not have animated him more had it come from the king upon his throne.

But the lamp burned late that night in the windows of Over-Kellie, and many were the anxious consultations held under its roof. As the evening went on, it was Pate and his mother whose voices were the most heard. Jean fell, like Margaret, into the position of an eager listener, submitting for the first time to the supremacy of strength and age, leaving the decision to them, flashing only now and then, as Margaret did, an eager light of suggestion upon every new discussion as it rose.

CHAPTER VI.

News were brought to Over-Kellie only in the afternoon of the next day that the new heir, who had made so ungracious an entrance, was gone. It was brought by Neil Morison, in the faded velvet doublet which was his habit of state, attended by the varlet called Jaicque (Anglicè, Jack), who was man enough to groom all the horses left in the Kellie stables—to wit, a sober steed of all work, now ridden by Maister Neil, and the skittish pony of Mistress Jean, who held in these old unused stalls something like the same position which her mistress held in the castle. It was Jaicque who opened the gate, and "tirled at the pin" of the house door, and held the stirrup while the major-domo got down from his horse, which he did slowly and with difficulty. He had been Sir Walter's faithful attendant, and long confinement to his master's chamber had given to his scarcely more than middle age the aspect of an old man. He gave the mistress a bow which almost alarmed her, it was so grand, a much

¹ Smallest spica.

finer bow than that with which he signified his sense of the presence of his own young lady, whom it appeared he had come to seek.

"I was weel aware," he said, "and it was the conviction of our Mistress Marjory, who is my Lady Jean's auld caretaker, and kens her ways, that our young damsel, Leddy Over-Kellie, would have taken shelter here."

"It was the natural place for her to come to—my son Pate," said the mistress, "being her own blood relation and next of kin."

"Madam," said Neil, "we've mair confidence in yoursel' as a guardian than in any man whatsoever. But we judge it quite safe for the young leddy to come her ways hame."

"I will never cross the door," cried Jean, "as long as yon painted pyet, yon fause lord, is there."

"The popinjay," said Margaret, in the background, proud of the name her lover had given.

"He is nae lord," said Neil; "his father is the Lord Oliphant, and he is but the master, and may never be a loss to the name, for a wilder or a wantoner I have never seen. Anyway, Mistress Jean, he is gane. And, so far as I hear, none of them will meddle us more till the summer, and for the present you are better at hame than ony other where."

"Till the summer," Jean said, with sparkling eyes. She gave a glance at Pate, who had just entered the room, and stood a little perplexed and doubtful on the threshold in his farmer's dress, as he had hastened from the fields on hearing of this emissary from the castle. For aught he knew, it might have been some scornful message from the interloper which Neil brought; and he stood, his ruddy face clouded with unusual sternness, expectant and somewhat defiant. "Cousin Pate," cried Jean, over the head of the old servant, "yon popinjay is gone, and they are not coming back till the summer: the summer, and there's three months to that. Oh, if ye were my real captain, and like our forebears of the past! Neil, did you ever hear tell that Kellie

Castle had held out against a mortal foe?"

"And where is the mortal foe, my young leddy? Sir Walter, my honored master, had neither feud nor fray with any man—that is," said Neil, with caution, "not for many a year."

"Eh! may the green turf lie soft upon him," said the mistress; "he was an auld, auld man."

"Not so old as ye think—if it were not for care and sorrow. I have seen a stour about the castle, and swords drawn, if that is what you mean, my Lady Jean. There are few castles in Scotland, nor even ha'-houses," said Neil, "that could say less."

"Eh, and that is true!" said the mistress; "but the present times are more quiet, the Lord be thanked!"

"The most of the fiery blood is away," said the old man. "Your own son now, young Over-Kellie, there, where he stands, he has his farms and his fields to think of, and never fashes his thoom about feats of arms."

Pate, still lingering at the door, grew darkly red, and came forward with a gloomy brow. "I have my father's sword, Maister Neil," he said, "ready for any man that doubts my spirit."

"Ay, ay, I ken that," said the major-domo. "The father's sword, maist likely rusted to its scabbard, and as heavy as a plough pettle. But the young gallants have blades that flash out at a moment's notice, as free as breath, though it's the stoppage of breath they're bent upon." The old servitor laughed, a low laugh, like the creaking of a door, at his own wit. But it was at Pate's expense, and the young man felt it to the bottom of his heart.

"Yesterday was no day for a brawl," he said; "but let him cross my gait again, and he will learn if there is rust or not on a man's sword."

"I lovena the lad," said Neil. "He has nae respect either for a young lass nor an auld man. But he's no sweat with his blade, and he'll stand up to you were you Wallace wight."

It is hard upon a young man to be driven to protestations of what he

would do if the occasion came, and Neil's tone was bitter to Pate, in the uneasy pride of his position, thus waved aside more or less offensively not only by the others, but by the very servants of the others, conscious of all the external differences between the place he claimed and that to which, notwithstanding his claims of blood, he had been born. Might ill be the fate of that Oliphant who was first led away by love of a fair face, and married a farmer's daughter, and settled down on a yeoman's land. And yet that Oliphant was the source of all his claims, the honor of his house, and a far better man than if, like any swash-buckler, the laird's younger son of Kellie had died in a foolish fray, and left behind him neither heir nor land.

"Cousin Pate," cried Jean, "mind that it is you I look to. I will not say another word; but the walls, they are old and they are strong, and if the men are not stout, the knaves belie their name; and as for your auld motto, I just cast it in your teeth. Provide, then, an' ye are so fond of it! and let it be for your lady, as is your bounden duty, and you the next kinsman." She took up the edge of her riding-cape, which Margaret with affectionate devotion had been arranging on her shoulders—at the spot where the gold lace with which it was trimmed was frayed and broken—and held it up to him. "Next kinsman, and only friend," she said, putting her hand into his with a gleam of moisture in her eyes that made them twice as bright as usual; and they were bright enough at all times, as bright as stars to Pate's thought. They were not the Oliphant eyes, which in their kind were not to be despised, brown, glowing, and liquid, full of laughter and light; but blue, with such a sparkle in them as the sapphire has, and shooting out rays like arrows—that kind of blue fire which has something in it more keen than the brown, piercing and cutting like a dart. It softened with the last words, and the water swam in the darkness of the blue.

Pate said little for the rest of the

day to the inquisitive and anxious women of his house; but he pondered long as he strode about the fields in the afternoon, and later in the night, when the laborers had gone to their houses, to the scattered clump of lowly cottages that sheltered beyond the farm-buildings, and all the members of the family within the house, bound to be early astir in the morning, had gone to rest. There had been talk enough and consultation. But though the mistress and Margaret had not been able to refrain from carrying on the arguments of last night between themselves, there was a consciousness even in their minds that it was he alone who had to decide. And they had withdrawn to their beds, a little reluctant, yet constrained by necessity and a sense of duty, to leave him to himself. It was a relief to him when they were gone, and yet it troubled him to feel himself left under the flickering light of the curse in the stillness of the house to face this problem which was his, and not another's. He had been more or less of an easy mind during all his youth, disturbed from time to time by his gentle blood and his possibilities, which from shadows, that they had been at first, had grown into present and real things, as old Sir Walter's family had failed one by one, and it had become more and more apparent that it was he, and only he, who was the heir. The lass who was the last of the house of Kellie had not seemed of much importance to Pate's eyes—not more than she had been to old Sir Walter, who was her brother, though he might almost have been her grandfather, and to whom she was an accident, troublesome, and sometimes exasperating to think of, and therefore pushed aside and not considered at all. Neither did Pate think of her. He had been troubled at times by the consciousness that he had not been bred so well as he was born—that he had about him that something of the fields and the plough which made him different from the young gallants, the *flash* of whose ready rapiers from the scabbard was, as Neil had said, with wise and wound-

ing justice, unlike the deliberate drawing of the sword which perhaps had rusted a little in its sheath. And the thought of this, and such incidents as had occurred yesterday, when the train of gentlemen who, though they resented his intrusion, and supported Pate in his rights, still crowded about the master of Oliphant, and left his kinsman to such consolation as the humbler yeomen could bestow,—had irritated and vexed him. It seemed to Pate a humiliation, not only that they should withdraw, but that he himself should care.

But all these thoughts had gone like last year's snow, in a new dilemma very differently felt. That he should not after all be the next in succession, the just heir; that there should be some one between him and Kellie—to have discovered this, had he ever anticipated or dreamt of such a possibility, would have been in all his previous thoughts a sort of deathblow. But somehow that dread discovery did not hurt him at all. No; nor that he should be recognized as the first vassal, the loyal servant of this intruder, who shut him out of his lawful inheritance. He had tried for a moment to be angry, even to be wounded, but he had not succeeded. It had given him a shock; but the shock had been such as the discovery of a new inheritance, a something better even than Kellie, might have given. Who was it, this true heir, for whom he was called upon to give up the claim which had been as dear as his life? who commanded him imperiously as the first vassal, the nearest kinsman, servant, and officer. It would have been incredible to him that he should have accepted such a position; that he should have met the call, not with defiance, rage, denial, but with a consent and acquiescence which astonished himself; which filled him with generous emotion, with a kind of pleasure, with a soft humorous sense of something beyond reason in it, foolish, noble, more exquisite than any emotion he had ever felt before. To secure the home of his fathers, the hope of his life, the right most dear

to him—for Jean! not for himself. It brought the moisture into his eyes, a dew of pain, yet warm with every sweetness. He turned round on the heavy wooden stool, beside the big table, on which he sat, and fixed his eyes on the words scrawled in stone upon the chimney, and still more misshapen and irregular in that medium through which he looked at them, "*A tout pourvoir.*" What meaning had been in these words! He had seen himself the master of his father's house, the head of his name, the providence of his race. Not an Oliphant in St. Monance, not a fisher on the coast, that would not be the better for him, that would not rejoice to think that the auld blood had been revived in the new master, and every ancient tradition of kindness from lord to vassal made true. It was no ignoble hope that had been in the young man's heart. No one had ever called old Sir Walter an ill laird; but he had grown old, indifferent, rapt in the shadows of his old age, no longer capable of thought or care for those around him. Whereas Pate was young, full of sympathy, full of vigor, knowing every man, and caring for every house. To cry "An Oliphant!" in a street brawl, or take the crown of the causeway from any passer-by, had not been in his thoughts; but to be the defence of his own folk, the champion of Fife, one of the supporters of the common weal!

Pate rose up with a start, pricked by his thoughts, and went to the fireplace—leaning his head upon the rude carving, and gazing down at the smouldering red on the hearth. Would she be that? A bit of a lass, not much more than a child, without knowledge; also a creature of caprice, moved not, like himself, by long-held, long-pondered resolution, but by every wind that blew, by sudden impulses, perhaps unwise, by the counsel of the moment, born to-day and gone to-morrow. He pressed his brow upon the stone till the carving was printed upon it, as it had been before on his heart. Who could tell what mood would sway her, what

strength she would have, what instruction would command itself to her—what (and perhaps this was the great question of all)—what husband she would marry? But that question, which suddenly roused the blood in every vein, so that Pate felt a sudden flush go over him from head to foot,—that question had to be crushed at once, having nothing to do with the matter. That was not his affair. No such solutions from fairyland were to be brought into the consideration of a man's duty. The women might dwell upon them. They might so, if they would, set injustice right, and contradict the laws of nature at their pleasure; but such considerations were not for him. The question was not one of fancy or of chance, but of what he, a strong man and a steadfast, taking gravely into consideration every side of the subject, was to do; and this was what he had to settle now.

CHAPTER VII.

"My friend Pate," said Sir John Low, "I cannot think that you have so little sense—a young man of havins, as I have ever kent you—as to oppose my Lord Oliphant in his lawfu' rights. The estate has been gifted to him fully and fairly by him that had the power. And you have but the drap's blood. We are not denying your blood-right. You are the next of kin; but if Sir Walter thought it the best thing to put back the auld lands under the hand of the undoubted head of the house—"

"It is just *that* that will have to be tried," said Pate.

"Man," cried Sir John, "what are you but a distant kinsman after all? And my lord also is a kinsman—maybe farder off in degree, but assured in line as the fountainhead to the stream."

"Mess John," said Pate, "we will leave counting the degrees. There is one that needs no counting, being the child of the same father, and more near in kin than I am, as I frankly allow." Here Pate lifted his bonnet from his head with a certain solemnity. "That she is a maid and not a man is nought;

for the maid has succeeded to the father as long as there has been law in Scotland. And I have even heard say—"

"Mistress Jean!" cried the curate, elevating his eyebrows; and he smote Pate on the back a jovial blow, all unlike his lean form and the gleam in his eyes. "Ha, my bonnie lad! you are none so simple for a country clown. You would strengthen one ill claim with another, and win the knight's spurs by the help of the distaff? Whiles it is not a bad plan."

That Pate's cheek should have flamed at this filled him with a sense of humiliation; but it was anger and not shame that brought the red, which flushed fiercely over his brow and lent a red light to his hazel eyes.

"The lady's claim is firm as Carnbee law," he said. "I yield to it, with no liking, nor even surety of weeldoing. She may carry the auld castle that is the home of my fathers into a stranger name—the whilk would be the grief of my life. I yield to her, because I cannot in justice withstand. She claims me as her defender, which doubtless I am, being the first man—in Fife—of my name."

Sir John, who had been staring at him open-mouthed, here burst into a laugh. "And you tell me that's your reason?" he cried, in a derisive tone.

"You, or any man," said Pate calmly. "And I would do the same," he added, with a smile, turning upon the half-priest, who followed stealthily, as far as he dared, the habits of the old faith, sure of indulgence in the unsettled state of affairs—"I would do the same if I were one of your lambs, that tell you all in your ear ahint the kirk door."

"It would be well for you, my lad, if you did the same," said the curate, reddening in his turn; "and ye should hear from me that when you lippen to a young lass you are a fool for your pains."

"What!" said Pate, "is that the counsel you give, Sir John? To leave the orphan lass undefended, and bow the head to the silken lord? That is not the leal that has been learned to me."

"Silence, yeoman!" cried the angry

curate. "Are you one to teach your betters, let alone your priest?"

"Ay," said Pate, "or any honest man; and I acknowledge no priest but only him that teaches the Word — which never yet bade to pass over the weak, even when it is to your own hurt, as this is to mine."

"Here's one coming that will give you grand reason for every fule-deed you like to do," cried Sir John—"ay, and tie you up safe and fast to the lass that ye think has such a grand tocher. But bide awhile, bide awhile, Pate the pious. Succoring orphans is a fine thing when your own rights are not so clear as ye thought; but when you find a useless wife on your hands, and all the cows to milk, and the byres to clean—"

"You have an ill tongue, if you were ten times a priest!" cried Pate, with a clouded brow.

But the controversy was stopped by Master Melville, who came up hastily, quickening his usually sober steps at the sound of Pate's voice raised above its usual tone, and the laughing, scornful attitude of Sir John.

"Your look is not peaceful, Peter," he said, "nor your eye content."

"Did ye expect to find me content, Maister Melville," said Pate, "with my rights taken up by others, and myself scorned before my neighbors? I would then be a man not like other men."

"The lord of Over-Kellie," said Sir John, "was, by my faith, near upon charging me with a cartel of war to that other nobleman the Lord Olyphant; but that I am a man of peace and carry no gage."

"You might moderate your jesting, Brother Low," said Melville, "and so show yourself a man of peace. This is not the time, Peter, to bandy words, with whosoever it may be. You have your duty to do for your kindred and your name."

"It is what I am ready to do at all times," cried Pate hastily, eager to find in the minister's face the counsel already established in his own.

"We will say good-morrow, first," said Melville, "to this reverend brother.

It is an evil thing to be overly much concerned with the affairs of this world, Maister Low. Here are you and me, both led away by these heathenish disputes, that should have been in our quiet studies pondering our sermons, and the Lord's Day coming on—"

"I am no man for long sermons," said Sir John, "nor am I liked the less on that account, so far as I can see."

"Well, sermons are my trade," said Melville, passing his brother clergyman with a bow. He put his arm in Pate's, and led the young man with him, gently forcing his steps. "All he means," said the minister, holding Pate's arm tight and leading him on, "is to make you talk and give forth your foam and nonsense, the whilk he will turn into solid mischief. I hope I am no uncharitable," he added devoutly; "but come you, Patie, my man, and talk out your soul; you are safer with me than with him."

"No, minister," said Pate, "I have no need for blethering, as you seem to think; my mind is steady and made up. The young lady is more wronged than I am. She is her father's just heir. She claims me as her first servant, and I allow the claim. I am the man nearest to her. I am fechting, and I will fecht, to the death, for her right and not mine."

"Pate! lad!" said the minister; his voice faltered, and even his step for the moment. Then he cried, "No wonder he did not understand!"

But Pate neither comprehended nor desired to comprehend the meaning of this reply. He was entirely preoccupied with his own thoughts. "That is my solemn determination," he said. "I have had my fancies; but then I kent nothing of her, nor of her just rights. I will get them for her if I can, minister; it is my first duty, as the next of the name."

"She is but a lassie," said the minister, "and a wild one; no training, no mother, grown up just like a blade o' grass on the lee. There is no telling what the like of her may do. She will take your very heart out of your life, and never ken what a gift it is. She

may not even thank you. She may think it's only her right and your duty."

"And what is it else?" said Pate. "You are all the professor I ever had; if my leair is poor it is your blame. I think I have heard from your very mouth that if a man does not stand for his ain, specially for them of his own house—"

"Oh, laddie, do not tackle me out of my own mouth!" cried the minister peevishly; "many a foolish thing I've said. Meantime, you must mind that when the apostle said yon, he was thinking nought of a man's house, according to your meaning of the word. Little recked that holy man of the Oliphants or any Scots name, with their pride and their clanships. What he meant was the man's wife and his bairns—and no a distant cousin twenty times removed."

"No more than three times, minister," said Pate; "make me not out more loon than laird. And as she's her father's daughter, and he so old a man, she is of the elder generation, my father's second cousin, and no more than second cousin once removed to me. And what could be nearer my own house than that? Nay, the holy man, as you say—I wot not how to call him—would e'en have been of my mind."

"Paul he was, and not always favorable to Peter," said Melville, shaking his head, yet with a tremulous smile on his face. "Pate, I will ask you but one thing. Is it for the hope of this maiden's love that you take up her forlorn cause?"

"Maister Melville," said Pate, "I ken not if I love her; but reason none have I to think that she has ever wared a thought on me. There is clear in my mind the danger, and mostly the certainty, that she will mate with some stranger and carry the auld house into another name; the whilk would be bitter to me—more bitter than words can say."

"If it is so," said the minister, "then the Lord bless you, my lad, Pate. Laird or no laird, you are a true man, and that's better than rank or high degree."

"You mind, minister," said Pate, with

a smile, "Aw toutt pourvoire—you were the first to learn me what its meaning was."

"I was ever a fool," said Melville, "and ever will be! It is not that kind of lesson that makes a man win lairdship and land."

"But it is maybe the best consolation when he has to bide without them," Peter said.

They had come in their walk within sight of Kellie Castle, which stood square and strong, rising with its turrets to the sky from amid the peaceful fields, as it still stands undismayed by all the progress of the centuries. It is a little grim and grey in the darkness of its stone walls nowadays, all Scotland having been seized since then with that false reserve which discredits color; but in these days, no doubt, much of the rough mass, especially in its out-buildings, must have shown in white or yellow, the old tints, weather-stained and glorious, which the country then loved. Pate looked towards that home of his fathers, lifting once more the bonnet from his brow. It had been a kind of idol to him throughout his youth, his every hope had centred in it; it had been his ambition, the desire of his heart—not an ignoble one. He looked upon it now with a smile full of sorrow and disappointment, and a thought, had he known it, higher than any other hope that had ever before centred upon Kellie. If it were won for her, then would it be well lost.

"Fare thee weel, auld Kellie," he said, with a half laugh to hide that tremor; "thou wilt never be to me or mine; and I have glowered at thee, and longed for thee all my life long; which maybe you will say, minister, is just a judgment on me for a covetous thought."

"You will never hear such a word from me, Pate, my man," said the minister. "I have more opinion, if I dare to say it, of your good Lord and mine."

He, too, lifted his hat in reverence as he spoke, and after a moment both turned away.

"After all," said Master Melville, "this is not the subject on which I

sought you in haste, my lad, Pate. I hear that yonder wild lassie, hot with her race and her youth, is for defending the auld castle by force of arms. She will call out every Oliphant in the kingdom of Fife, you the captain; she will fill the stores with provender, and furbish up the auld armor, and hold the place against lord and loon. It's over the whole country-side already, and the lads at St. Monance all alow. There needs but a spark to fall, and there will be a blaze to light up Fife. Pate, do you think what that would be? Two whole parishes put to the horn. The men, that are the bread-winners, in prison or hounded out of the land. The women helpless with their bairns; the boats all useless on the shore, the plough in the furrow. Ever have I learned you, Pate Oliphant, that a man's first thought should be for them about him that are in want of good guiding and help to do well. You cannot stand against the law. You cannot stand against the chief of your name, that has riches and troopers at his command (though well I wot he is a wastrel, and his son after him). Mistress Jean, she is but a bairn. The right and the wrong have gone to her head, and of the consequences she takes no thought. Vain to speak till her of ruined houses and men slain or banished. She just thinks of victory and the three silver crescents waving over Kellie, and the tyrant driven away. As if she was a queen fighting for her crown—and, waes me! we have well known in this generation what comes of that."

Pate had walked on by the minister's side, silent, his head bowed, listening. He looked up hastily, interrupting:—

"A princess; but with more right than the law, and more innocence than that gowan-flower. There is no similitude."

"Nor am I making any comparisons, Pate Oliphant," said the minister, with a smile; "but what is all that," he cried, as a sound as of shouting and tumult came to them over the cliffs on the breeze which is always fresh (or salt as the case may be) blowing off the Firth over the Fife braes.

They had walked far in their talk, and were now near the old village of St. Monance, with its old kirk dating from the days of King David, that "sore sanct for the crown." The sound evidently came from that quarter, and both the men quickened their steps accordingly. The village consisted then, as now, of a straggling line of red and moss-grown cottages, parallel—if any parallel could be to a coast cut up in zigzags by the line of rocks—with the margin of the sea. It was entirely a fisher village, the boats drawn up high in the rocky openings of the beach, almost on a level with the houses, and nets spread everywhere, drying, or mending, or being baited at every point. But in the centre of the "toun," where the space between the houses and the sea was a little wider, was a little crowd of fishermen, their dark figures lighted up by a touch of brighter color in a kirtle or petticoat, and the white specks of the mutches which every decent woman wore. They were all circling round a gayer figure in their midst, Mistress Jean to wit, uplifted on her pony, with her hair flowing under her riding-cap, the highest light in the picture, as her delicate face was, among all the ruddy, weather-beaten, glowing countenances round. Jean had, it was evident, been making something like an oration to her assembled vassals, and, her eyes shining, her hair waving, her arm in the air, had kindled the fishers to enthusiasm. "We are Oliphants all," she was saying as the minister and Pate came up, "every one kin, far off or near; and hey for the silver crescents and bonnie Kellie Castle, that never owned master since the days of Bruce but—" she stopped with the pause of natural eloquence as her kinsman pushed into the crowd; then waving her whip, cried with all the force of her young voice, and a daring which brought the blood to her cheek, "Pate Oliphant's line, and mine."

Never was a touch more effective. As he pushed forward, scarcely hearing what she said, there rose a general shout, "Pate Oliphant and the bonnie

leddy; Leddy Jean and the kind house o' Kellie! We're for them and nae land-loupers. The Bruce's blood and the auld name!"

"Mistress Jean," said Pate, "what do ye here? This is no court of law, to judge between you and him that, right or wrong, is no land-louper, but the head of our name."

"Land-louper yourself, Pate Oliphant!" cried Jean, in high indignation. "Let go my bridle! If you will not tell the lads, what is left to me but to do it? and you, if you will not speak, be silent, sir! for though I do you all honor, and name you with myself, you are but my vassal like the rest, and that you ken!"

Pate's bonnet was in his hand, and he bowed low; but he held her bridle without flinching, though pony and rider both rebelled. "It is not safe for a spirity creature like this," he said, "the roaring of those loons so near her lug. Silence, lads! The lady understands, without more of your rowting, that you're all leal, and her friends."

The men had slunk a step backward in dismay at what seemed to them a family quarrel. They brightened again, and answered, "Ay, that are we!" "To our last drap o' blood!" "And your's too, Maister Pate!"—with a subdued clamor, daunted by his look, for he was not a man to trifle with, as they knew.

"My bonnie bairn," Mr. Melville was saying at the other side, "if you will curb your pony to an auld man's pace, I would fain go with you. There's danger baith for man and beast here."

"And what do I care for danger?" cried Jean; "it's just half the pleasure. Bid Pate Oliphant let go my bridle. Do you think, me that am 'most in arms for my rights, I will be guided by him?" She touched the excited pony with her whip, which made a bound, scattering the fisher-folk. But not Pate, who, setting his teeth, and digging his heels into the earth, held her with a grasp of iron. Jean had the whip raised again, with the intention, it seemed, this time, of striking him, when the minister called out to her:—

"Slip down, lassie! the little beast is

wild wud; she'll dash you against the rocks; she'll have your brains out; slip down, slip down, and you'll take little harm."

"Leddy, ye canna haud her a minute longer," cried a fisher—one rushing on each side to pluck her from her saddle. But the girl blazed over them, her hair waving in their faces, her blue eyes darting fire.

"Away!" she cried. "Away! Hold off! She may master you and me, but she'll not master Pate!"

CHAPTER VIII.

There ensued after this a very dark time in the life of Peter Oliphant of Over-Kellie. When Jean found that not she, any more than the pony, could master Pate, she withdrew altogether her favor and friendship from him. Shut up within the old house, which Lord Oliphant after that one demonstration of taking possession left unvisited, she passed the lingering spring and summer, often seen about the country roads on her pony, but keeping up a seclusion within, quite uncongenial to her temper, and which even Margaret from Over-Kellie was not allowed to break. The suit at law, brought before the courts by her kinsman and next friend on her behalf as a minor—that Sir Walter's will might be set aside as barred by her right of succession, and also as procured by undue influence, when in his age and weakness he was no longer able fully to exercise his faculties—excited for a moment her hottest wrath. She burst forth upon Maister Melville, who gave her the information, with blazing artillery of looks and words, of which he avowed that could the first have slain him he would now have been a lost man. But the mild divine, being full of experience and observation, believed he saw behind all this fury a certain exultation. "How daured he, after denying me, and contradicting me, and leaving me here to eat my heart, while he went off to his plough, the dastard, no to answer his lady's call! And I doubt not he's laying his furrows and sowing his grain as if there was no

such person as Jean Oliphant shut up in Kellie," the girl cried, glowing with rage and curiosity and eagerness. "You can tell him that it's he that is the land-louper, and no credit to his gentle blood, to turn his back on the auld house and upon me."

"No back of his has been turned on any lawful risk," said the minister; "on certain destruction no brave man will run if he is other than a fool. Ken you what your kinsman is doing, Mistress Jean? He is risking his whole living, with the chance of loss that will banish him the country—and that not for himself, as once he thought, but for you."

"Banish him the country!" said Jean, with blanched lips.

"Ay, my little maiden, you ken not either the risk or the pain. You think it is but to out with the flag, and load the arquebus, and the right will prevail; whereas it would be death to many a bonny lad, and destruction to many an honest house, and no hope to do more."

"All that," she cried, with an impatient wave of her hand, "is over and gone, since he refused and would not stand by me, nor be my captain as I bade him; but to gang to the law is one thing and to be banished the country is another. And who would banish him the country for standing by his—next friend? if that is what you call it," she added, in a subdued voice.

The minister smiled within himself to see how swiftly she had accepted the position, notwithstanding her first revolt; but he proceeded to explain to her that the law cost much siller, and Peter had little but his land and his old house; and if the plea lingered long—as it might well do—till all his money was spent, there would be nothing for him when he had secured a living for his mother but to quit Scotland, either for the foreign wars, like so many of the Scots, or to sail away to one of the New-found-lands over the seas, where folk said there were estates for the asking, a fine caller climate, none of your tropiques, a new Scotland cold but fair. And then Jean wept, and

declared that she would not have it, that no man should risk life or land for her cause; and afterwards dried her eyes and waved her golden locks, and declared that it was even like him, just like what was to be looked for from Pate, and showed that he was the maist fulish lad in all the land, as she had always said. But even after this she would not come forth nor make friends, though Margaret, when next she came to the castle gate, was brought up to the hall, and many kisses passed between the girls, and still more kind words.

The cause was heard, by good fortune, with less delay than was feared, and it was thought at first with much prospect of success. Pate himself, being anxious, made more than one visit to Edinburgh, which indeed was a journey in those days.

But, alas! there was no longer any occasion for hope, when one day in July when the sun was at its hottest, and the genial earth warm through and through, and the corn turning red against the blue of the sea, as I saw it but the other year, glowing as if it would take light and flame—Pate Oliphant, just come back, and weary with the journey, stood hard by his own hall doer, leaning upon the wall, his bonnet low on his brow, and his heart full of trouble. He had flung out of the big room from his mother's questions and his sister's outcries of sympathy and distress, feeling that he could not bear even the sympathy, much less the questions: how was this, and how was that? when all he could tell or think of was just that the cause was lost. Oh, easy enough to see how it was, if they would but think, instead of asking questions! My Lord Oliphant had friends enow; he was a lord of King James's Court; he was sib to all the nobles, and even to one of those carles on the judges' bench, with their muckle wigs and their weariful tongues. A losing litigant is prone to be doubtful of the impartiality of the law. Pate Oliphant could not but feel that, had he been Oliphant of Kellie (as he ought to have been), any suit

of his would have been more safe to end as he wished.

He was standing there, idly lashing the air with his riding-switch that was still in his hand, his bonnet low on his brow, and his heart in his bosom, when there came suddenly into the silence of the afternoon a sound of horse's hoofs at the gallop on the rough road that led to the house. Margaret, who had come out after her brother, cried out with a start, "Hear till her! It is Jean's powney, the little wild beast—wild like her mistress. It's our Leddy Jean."

"Leddy, puir lassie!" cried the mistress; "no more leddy, if a' be true, Margaret, than you or me."

"And even so worthy of the more respect," cried Pate, rousing from his despair. There was no mistaking the break-neck gallop, which seemed to join the two, pony and girl, in one personality. Jean's one idea now, clearly told by every flying beat of the hoofs upon the road, was a fiery desire to get there, to fling herself upon the protection or sympathy of her friends. Pate flung his bonnet on the ground, and hastened to throw open the gate, receiving her with uncovered head and reverential gesture, as if she had been a queen. But Mistress Jean, in hot haste, too impetuous to pause, flashed past him like a gleam of sudden light—her golden locks flying, her complexion bright with haste and excitement. She drew up before the door, and flung herself from the pony's back without waiting for any aid. "They have come, they have come!" she cried, with only breath enough to say the words. She was so keen, however, to tell her story, that the immediate painful meaning of it was lost in eagerness. "Here am I, flung upon you like a stone, fired out upon you like a bullet out of a gun," she cried, with a laugh of excitement. "O Pate Olyphant! if ye would but have done it, you and me would have been in harness this day, and the silver crescents flying out-owre the grey wall! for they are come—they are come!"

"The silver crescents," said Pate, "are their cognizance as well as yours

and mine; and they have won the day."

"Listen to me," cried Jean, shaking her half-curled locks about her ears, her eyes blazing, her countenance, in her excitement, undismayed. "I was sitting quiet in the great window, thinking no harm, when in a moment there arose sic a tumult as if a haill army had broken in; and before I could say more than a word to old Marjory, there they were, bursting up ilka stair, some from the west tower, some from the south, with a clatter of rapiers by their side, and spurs on their heels—the villain sound," she cried, "and them no better than relvers upon a poor maiden—but notwithstanding," she added, pausing with a sigh, "a bonnie noise!" She cast a sudden glance at Pate, standing there in the dust of his journey, the sun shining on his bared head. He had no swinging rapier, but a whinger in his belt and a spur on his heel, for use and not for show, a subdued figure, not like the gallants in their bravery. He felt this glance to the bottom of his heart, divining something of it, but not Jean's instant second thought, that not one of them, fine as they might be, was such a bonnie lad!

"I am telling ye," cried Jean, renewing her tale with a flush upon her cheeks which came from her own consciousness of that thought, "that they all burst in in a moment, men's voices, and the jingling and the clattering of them, that filled the hall. It is well for me that I never stop to think, as the mistress says; for if I had stoppit, or thought, or lingered a moment, I would have been in their hands, the popinjays! and no time for parley. I just flashed up 'most before I saw them, divining in my heart; and slippit behind the curtain that is over yonder sma' door, Margaret, you will mind? I just lingered to see that it was safe, and heard their outcry, 'Where is she?' and 'Call forth the leddy,' which proved they had not seen me—though one cried there was some person gone forth, and another that he had heard a step—which was a

muckle lee, whoever told it," cried Jean, pausing in her childish sense of triumph yet injury; "you ken whether I have a foot like a trooper, to be heard among armed men."

"Thus I got to the stable," she went on, "like an arrow from a bow; and Jalcque, who is faithful, and me, that have saddled her many a day, we got on her gear before you could turn round, and away by the back of the outhouses, and the bridle-path by Kellie Mill, and never a soul to hear us or see us, all the gaping fools about being out to see the gallants' train. And here I am," she cried, suddenly pausing and looking round. Up to this moment her tone had been almost joyous, her bearing almost gay, in the heat of excitement and novelty, which were life to this young creature. She stopped, and her countenance changed. She looked round upon them—the mistress at the stair-head wringing her hands, the young master of Over-Kellie standing at the pony's head, with a sobered, wistful look of discouragement and downfall, nobody, as it seemed, sympathetic but Margaret, who, excited like herself, half crying, half laughing, had clasped the hands which still held the bridle, caressing them in the absence of other means of showing her pity and her love. "Now I am here," repeated Jean slowly, a sudden cloud of surprise and dismay sweeping over her, "but you are not glad to see me. O Pate Oliphant, Pate Oliphant, take your hand from my bridle! Next of kin you may be, but no next of heart!"

"You silly lassie!" cried the mistress, taking, though she was a little timid and cautious in her elder days, but two steps down the four stairs.

If I had space I would tell how Jean came to understand the saddened looks of her next of kin, and how Pate discovered that no popinjay of them all was in her eyes half the man that he was, though he had refused to take up arms or spend men's lives in a hopeless cause. They had to subdue their pride to the acceptance of their fate, which was much harder upon Peter Oliphant—born, you would have said,

to no better—than on Mistress Jean, though her proud cousins called her no more than the gudewife of Over-Kellie, scorning her blood and her rights. But the family kept their homely life there unbroken for many generations, keeping up the old name and kindly tradition long after the Lords Oliphant, though this is no brag of a child of Over-Kellie, but a sad saying, were, like the flowers of the forest, a' wede away. There was another lawsuit, of which no better came; but Peter Oliphant of Over-Kellie, though no more than a bonnet laird, no doubt, "with his bairns and his oyes all around him, oh," came to be more or less a contented man. He knew French to a certain degree, as has been said, thanks to Maister Melville, whose breeding and education had been much in foreign countries; and though he pronounced it like good broad Scots, and was no professor for the grammar, here is this little composition of his in that language, beaten out as he went about his fields through many a quiet day, and pondered his life and the life of man in the long silence of the years. *A tout pourvoir* had been the proud device of his youth, when everything seemed within his power; but this was what he put into that old tongue of gallant device as the burden of his age, with the accent of Scotland and of long life:—

Ayant pourvu
Autant qu'a pu,

quoth Pate.

And may we all say as much, however humbly, his descendant prayeth, at the end of the dim valley from whence begins to glow over the dark braes the rising of a better sun.

[The Lord Oliphant, perhaps harshly treated above, was a man of many troubles and difficulties, much like those of Sir Walter of Kellie, whom he succeeded. He, too, died with no son to follow, and would have passed over his daughter; and a romance of mingled lawsuits and royal interference might well be made out of his history and that of his successors—but this

must be for another hand. As dates are the useful things that are most apt to fail in family tradition, I do not attempt to say which of his successors sold Kellie Castle—to them a useless and unnecessary burden, though so dear to those who lost it—to the family of Erskine, who took from it in later days a title, and made it their home.]

From Temple Bar.
SPENSER, AND ENGLAND AS HE
VIEWED IT.

In Scott's famous novel of "Kenilworth" there occurs a passage in which Elizabeth's great favorite, the Earl of Leicester, is represented as passing through the court-rooms, and addressing a word or two to the various petitioners and dependants who throng them—among others, complimenting Shakespeare on the success of his "Venus and Adonis," and remarking to Spenser, "touching thy Irish petition, I would willingly aid thee, for my love to the Muses, but thou hast nettled the lord treasurer." Scott does not stop to point out that at the date of this story, 1575, Shakespeare was only a boy of eleven, while Spenser was still at college, a young man as yet unknown to fame, and probably unknown also both to Leicester and to the treasurer, Lord Burleigh. I think that this passage, as well as the numerous quotations from Shakespeare and Spenser which are put into the mouths of various characters in that novel, though taken from works not published or even written for perhaps twenty or thirty years later, are not merely anachronisms on Scott's part, but are illustrations of the way in which it is not uncommon to look back on the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

That reign is associated in the popular mind with two or three great writers, as it is associated with one splendid victory, and there is a habit of seeing the whole reign in the light of the halo which that literary and political splendor casts around the close of it. The

long reign of over forty-four years is often thought of as if it were, throughout its whole length, bright with the lustre of conquest over Spain, and as if the court were all that time the scene where the genius of Shakespeare and the imagination of Spenser were displayed and welcomed. It is often forgotten that Shakespeare's works, so far as they belong to Elizabeth's reign, belong almost wholly to the last quarter of it, and that as to Spenser, the reign was nearly half over before he attracted notice at all, and that his principal poem was not published, not even the first instalment of it, till about the last quarter of the reign. How far learning and literature were *welcomed* in the time of Elizabeth is a point on which Spenser himself has something to tell us.

Spenser's principal work, the "Faery Queene," takes us into a region belonging so largely to the imagination that we are not perhaps apt to think of him as dwelling much on the scenes and events of his own time. His minor poems, however, deal largely with his own days. It is clear that he was no recluse, living purely in an ideal world of knights and dragons and enchanted castles; that, indeed, is sufficiently shown by his careful treatise on the condition of Ireland, the country in which most of his adult years were spent. His poems show also that he was keenly alive to the great events of his day, and looked with much interest—and generally with much sadness—on the state of society in England as it presented itself to his eyes.

His life, like most poets' lives, does not appear to have been an eventful one. Many of the details of it appear in his own poems. He was born in London, shortly before Mary's reign, went to college, graduated at Cambridge, and on leaving the university resided for a time in the north of England. Here he fell in love with a fair one, repeatedly alluded to in his poems under the pseudonym of Rosalind, who proved quite obdurate to his suit, though the earnestness of it is attested by the poetry, in which, many years

after he had left her neighborhood, he continued to extol her charms and to express his own devotion to her. He left the north at about the age of twenty-six and came to London, where he appears to have been introduced to Sir Philip Sidney and, probably through him, came under the notice of Sidney's uncle, the great Earl of Leicester. This man, villain as he was, appears to have been the best patron Spenser ever had. Long after his death, when his stately mansion on the Thames, Leicester House, next to the Temple, had passed to his stepson, the Earl of Essex, and become Essex House, giving its name to Essex Street, Strand, Spenser, when celebrating the reception there of two noble sisters, on the eve of their bridals, looked back with regret to the old days of that "stately place," as he says:—

Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord which therein wont to
dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friend-
less case.

It was during this stay in London that he brought out his first volume of poems, the "Shepherd's Calendar."

To those who have not read this work, the name is misleading. It is suggestive of being a descriptive poem on the seasons, analogous to what we have of a later date known as "Thomson's Seasons;" but although there is some more or less adaptation of the twelve poems which it contains to the twelve months, they are not essentially connected with the seasons and are pastoral only in form. Some are lays of love, some are moral poems such as might be written in any age, while three out of the twelve are devoted to one public topic, in which it may, therefore, be supposed that Spenser took special interest—to censure of worldliness and greed of gain in the clergy. It will be understood that they are not spoken of by name as clergy, but as shepherds, in accordance with the pastoral style of these eclogues; but here, as often elsewhere in Spenser, the allegory and the thing figured run into each other. He

repeatedly refers with deep respect to Grindal, then Archbishop of Canterbury, and to his views of what the clergy should be, and with strong reprobation to the monstrous tyranny and the grasping covetousness of the Roman clergy or shepherds. The English shepherds he charges with the smaller but sufficiently grave faults of worldliness and self-seeking, and negligence of the flocks entrusted to their care. In his view very many of them were, not indeed greedy tyrants, but needy and reckless adventurers.

Thilk same been shepherds for the devil's
sted,
That playen while their flocks be unfed.
Well it is seen their sheep be not their
own,
That letten them run at random alone,
But they been hired, for little pay,
Of other, that caren as little as they
What fallen the flock, so they han the
fleece
And get all the gain, paying but a piece.
I muse what account both these will make,
The one for the hire which he doth take,
And th' other for leaving his lord's task,
When great Pan account of shepherds
shall ask.

It is to be noted that at the time Spenser wrote of Grindal with the respect which in these poems he often manifests for him, Grindal was under sentence of sequestration, having incurred the displeasure of Elizabeth by his persistent endeavors to increase the number of clergymen competent, not merely to read what was set down for them, but to instruct their flock from the pulpit in religion and morals. Elizabeth appears to have held that about one preaching clergyman in a county was enough. It is not a little to Spenser's honor that, though he was a suitor for court preferment, without which or some similar provision it would probably have been impossible for him to live while writing his great poem, he did not hesitate to express sufficiently plainly his respect for a good man who was under the royal displeasure.

The "Shepherd's Calendar" brought Spenser into repute as a promising

poet. I think that it must have been about this same time that he wrote (though it was not published till long after) the curious poem called "Mother Hubbard's Tale," in which though under an awkward allegory, he gives us very interesting pictures of clergy and nobility, of court suitors and of ministers of state. His picture of the illiterate clergyman of that day is very graphic, and we do not wonder at his sympathy with Grindal's efforts to secure a more competent priesthood. Thus to the priest in his poem a passport is offered for his perusal:—

Which when the priest beheld, he viewed
it near,
As if therein some text he studying were,
But little else (Got wot) could thereof
skill,
For read he could not evidence nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse ne make one
better.
Of such deep learning little had he need,
Ne yet of Latin ne of Greeke, that breed
Doubts mongst divines and difference of
texts,
From whence arise diversities of sects
And hateful heresies, of God abhorred;
But this good Sir did follow the plain
word,
Ne meddled with their controversies vain.
All his care was, his service well to sain
And to read Homelies upon holidays—
When that was done he might attend his
playes.

"An easy life," ironically adds the poet, "and fit high God to please!"

Spenser, we can see, was himself a staunch Protestant; but he does not fail to show us that in the Church of that day there were many as devoid of zeal for Protestantism as for Romanism. We know that nearly the whole of the clergy who held benefices at Mary's death conformed to the religious changes which were made on the accession of Elizabeth; so that there must have been in the clergy of the Reformed Church a considerable proportion of very lukewarm if not insincere, members. It was also very difficult in the early days of Elizabeth to find men competent by their learning and suitable by their religious character for

the work of the ministry,¹ and in the lack of an adequate number of such persons, many livings were filled with such worldly men as Spenser has portrayed—men who made the reformed doctrines as to the priestly office the excuse for a low standard of clerical duty, rejoiced in having only to do "once a week upon the Sabbath day" a "small devotion," and esteemed the benefits of the Reformation to lie in the right to wear better clothes than garments of wool or hair, and in freedom from the necessity of observing fasts and taking vows of celibacy. The preferments for which such men longed were to be gained, he tells us, sometimes indeed by wearing an excessive show of piety before some great man who possessed a zeal for religion.

But [he says] if thee list unto the Court 'o
throng
And there to hunt after the hop'd prey,
Then must thou thee dispose another way,
For there thou needs must learn to laugh,
to lie,
To face, to forge, to scoff, to company,
To crouch, to please, to be a beetle-stock²
Of thy great master's will, to scorn, or
mock. . . .
These be the ways by which without re-
ward
Livings in Court be gotten, though full
hard,

¹ Thus in the tract entitled, "The manner how the Church of England is administered and governed," which is often printed at the end of the English version of "Jewel's Apology," and is understood to be the work of Archbishop Parker, we read:

"And, forsoomuch as our churches and universities have been wonderfully marred and so foully brought out of all fashion in time of papistry, as there cannot be had learned pastors for every parish, there be prescribed unto the curates of meaner understanding certain homilies devised by learned men, which do comprehend the principal points of Christian doctrine; as of original sin, of justification, of faith, of charity and suchlike, for to be read by them unto the people."

² A beetle is a large wooden mallet: a beetle-stock, I conceive (though Latham interprets it as the handle of a mallet), is a stump for the wielder of the mallet to beat upon; in fact, a wooden anvil. The place-hunting parson is to let his patron beat out his will upon him as unresistingly, and with as much indifference to good and evil, as the anvil on which the workman can fashion what he will.

For nothing there is done without a fee,
The courtier needs must recompensed be
With a benevolence, or have in gage
The Primitias¹ of your Parsonage . . .
Do not thou therefore seek a living there
But of more private persons seek else-
where,
Whereas thou mayest compound a better
penny,
Ne let thy learning questioned be of any.

It may be guessed from this advice
that Spenser does not view the court
with very favorable eyes. He does not
indeed ignore—the friend of Sidney
could hardly ignore—the presence in the
court of Elizabeth of

The brave courtier in whose beauteous
thought
Regard of honor harbors more than ought,
and of whom he draws a picture which
suggests that Sidney unconsciously sat
as the model for it. This man is one
who

Will not creep nor crouch with feignèd
face
But walks upright with comely steadfast
pace
And unto all doth yield due courtesy . . .
He hates foul leasings and vile flattery . . .
And loathful idleness he does detest,
The cankerworm of every gentle breast,
The which to banish with fair exercise
Of knightly feats he daily doth devise,
Now managing the mouths of stubborn
steeds,
Now practising the proof of warlike deeds,
Now his bright arms assaying, now his
spear,
Now the nigh aimèd ring away to bear.

At other times he solaces himself with
music, and with the

Sweet Lady Muses, Ladies of delight.

His studies are

Of nature's works, of heaven's continual
course,
Of foreign lands, of people different,
Of kingdom's change, of diverse govern-
ment,
Of dreadful battles of renowned knights
With which he kindleth his ambitious
sprites
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The only upshot whereto he doth aim.

For all his mind on honor fixed is,
To which he levels all his purposes,
And in his Prince's service spends his
days,

Not so much for to gain, or for to raise
Himself to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to win worthy place
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage
That may be matter meet to gain him
praise:

For he is fit to use in all essays,
Whether for arms and warlike amenance,
Or else for wise and civil governance,
For he is practised well in policy
And thereto doth his courting most apply,
To learn the enterdeal of princes strange,
To mark th' intent of councils and the
change

Of states, and eke of private men, some-
while
Supplanted by fine falsehood and fair
guile.
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the storehouse of his powerful
wit,
Which through wise speeches and grave
conference
He daily ekes and brings to excellence.

We may, however, gather from this,
as from other poems of Spenser's, that
in his view the "brave courtier" was
altogether the exception, and that as a
whole the Elizabethan court was the
home, not only of all frivolous pleasures,
but of every kind of base intrigue, foul
slander, and pursuit of wealth by every
sort of dishonest and dirty trickery.
Thus, for example, he tells how his
typical courtier has his dependant who
insinuates himself among those who
come to the court with suits and
petitions, secretly learns their business,
and then either informs his master of
it that he may baulk their suit and get
it for himself, or persuades the suitor
to purchase with a fee his master's
countenance in a matter where in fact
that master is wholly without influence.
It is here that occurs that vehement
outburst of feeling, so often quoted, in
which Spenser describes the expe-
riences partly of himself and partly
of many other men in his time:—

Full little knowest thou that hast not
tried
What hell it is in suing long to bide:

¹ Or, first-fruits.

To lose good days that might be better spent,
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent,
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow,
 To have thy Prince's grace yet want her peers',
 To have thy asking yet wait many years,
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
 To eat thy heart through comfortless dispairs,
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

Spenser did, however, after a time, obtain office under government, but probably regarded it as little better than banishment when he went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Grey, the deputy. He afterwards obtained sundry important government clerkships in that country, and settled down after several years on an Irish estate of his own in county Cork.

In Ireland he addressed himself to the great work of his life—writing the "Faery Queene." This work was designed, not as a mere play of fancy, an exercise (for the author's and reader's delight) of his vivid imagination, but with a practical purpose—in the author's own words, "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." Like Tennyson, he realized that

Truth in closest words will fail
 While truth embodied in a tale
 Will enter in at open doors.

Conceiving, as he everywhere seems to have done, that the "gentlemen and noble persons" of his time whatever their accomplishments and their splendor, were sunk in sloth or in the mere pursuit of pleasure and wealth, he set himself to put before them, in an alluring form, representatives of all the moral virtues, and to depict these engaged in strenuous conflict with their opposite vices—a conflict which being strenuous is bound to be triumphant. I imagine it probable that the

desperate combats which recur so very frequently in the "Faery Queene," and which become rather monotonous to the reader, may not only have occurred inevitably in the pursuit of the author's plan, but may have appeared to him a wholesome tonic to an age in which the upper classes at least were too much given over to idleness and luxury. This is not the way in which we are accustomed to think of the "adventurous" age of Elizabeth; but here again I doubt if we do not attribute to the whole reign the features which especially characterized its close. Spenser left England in the middle of the reign, and the early years of it were mostly years of peace and neutrality, in which, with wars of religion and struggles against cruel persecution devastating France and the Netherlands, and making strong appeals to English sympathy, the strength of England was to sit still. A few brave men, indeed, sallied forth, either as volunteers or with some countenance from government, to fight beside their coreligionists against the Guises or against Alva; but England as a nation did not then care, except during brief periods, to risk herself in the fray. To the last half of the reign belong the contest against Spain, the victory of Sidney at Zutphen, the defeat of the Armada, the successful attack of Drake on the Groine, the triumph of Essex and Howard at Cadiz. The colonizing and buccaneering expeditions of Drake, Raleigh, and others attest, indeed, the enterprise and intrepidity of those who went on them; but as for those—and they were not a few—who organized and financed them, but stayed at home when the vessels sailed, I am not sure that the expeditions are proof of much other courage or enterprise than is generally involved in new commercial speculations. The heroism which must have existed in the earlier years of Elizabeth to produce the brave deeds of the later years was for the most part latent and obscure during the time that Spenser moved among his countrymen, especially among the noble and gentle classes of them—the only classes, prob-

ably, that his voice as a poet was likely to reach; and it was, therefore, a direct outcome of the condition of his time as he regarded it that he devoted his poetical powers to the endeavor "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." The beauties of holiness, temperance, chastity, friendship, justice, courtesy—the ugliness and hatefulness of the vices contrary to these—these are the theme of the first half of the "*Faery Queene*," the half which he lived to write; other virtues and vices similarly treated would have occupied the other projected half; while the virtues of courage and of earnest devotion to endeavors to right the wrong are inculcated in the history of every separate champion.

The allegorical form of the narrative is also, I apprehend, in a measure the outcome of the time. Partly, of course, it is due to an evident special fondness of Spenser for allegorical writing, which is not confined to the "*Faery Queene*," but extends through nearly the whole of his poems, though in his later ones he appears to be outgrowing it. But we know how largely allegory entered into all the masques and shows in which the age of Elizabeth and of James so much rejoiced. The prevalence of allegory seems to be the natural consequence of the attempt to use the beautiful mythology of the Greeks in modern poetry. The classical mythology had in the Elizabethan age become widely known and very familiar to persons who were not at all classical students; thus in Shakespeare's plays we find allusions to it placed familiarly in the mouths of his characters. Lorenzo and Jessica are no bookworm and bluestocking when they chat sportively together of Troilus and Thisbe, of Dido and Medea, and Mrs. Page talks to her country gossip, Mrs. Ford, about the giants lying under Mount Pelion, just as she might allude to the story of Bluebeard or Jack the Giant-Killer. When this mythology, well known but not yet hackneyed, beautiful but no longer believed in, was pressed into the service of English poetry and pageant,

it could hardly be used otherwise than by way of allegory, as the fitting vehicle for moral lessons often quite foreign to the original story. There was, therefore, a reason why allegory should naturally be popular in the Elizabethan age, and Spenser was to some extent the creature of his age when he gave a symbolical turn to such tales of chivalry and adventure as had delighted the readers of Ariosto. He is also the representative of one side of his age in respect of the deep seriousness that underlies his poem; he is, I think, in a measure, though not so fully as Milton, the poet of the Protestant Reformation, as his contemporary Tasso is the poet of the Catholic revival; and there is much more sympathy of spirit between these two earnest men, Spenser and Tasso, than between either of them and the more gay and reckless Ariosto.

The age of Elizabeth was, moreover, an age of historical inquiry—an age when many men were setting themselves to gather up all that they could learn of the general history of their country, to collect facts bearing on special localities, to preserve and hand down in prose or in verse the general features of the country, the traditions, the antiquities, either of England as a whole or its various towns and counties. Grafton, Holinshed, and Stow were busy on annals and chronicles, Camden was laboring at his "*Britannia*," Stow at his "*Survey of London*," Drayton at his versified descriptions of rural England. With the spirit of these men Spenser was in much sympathy; he has uttered in his verse an eloquent tribute to Camden, and in the "*Faery Queene*" he has repeatedly taken up the old histories into his verse, and sometimes for almost a canto together he recounts the achievements or adventures of British kings and warriors. I say British, for the rise of the Tudor dynasty had made it the fashion, out of compliment to the court, to dwell especially on the old British line, which was looked on as restored in the person of the Welshman, Henry VII.; and thus the poet's labors are devoted to recounting, not the well-

attested history of our Saxon forefathers, but the mythical stories of the days before the Roman invasion, the deeds of that line of kings which stretched from the Brutus who was supposed to have brought here a colony of Trojans down to the days of Pendragon and Arthur. These tales, which were once taught as history, but which modern investigation sweeps aside as worthless and resting on no contemporary records, are still to be read in the pages of the "Faery Queene." Indeed, as he often tells us, the Faery Land of which he writes is in truth our England in disguise. Even as disguised, it scarcely merits to be called Faery Land, for not once does a real fairy, as we understand fairies—the tiny graceful beings of the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—appear on the enchanted scene of Spenser's poem, and though he once makes mention of a Faery King, Oberon, the name is but a poetical alias for that most unfairy-like of our sovereigns, Henry VIII.

He does not very often touch plainly and unmistakably on the great events of his own day. On one occasion, indeed, he treats of several such together, and we read, through a very thin veil, of the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, the apostasy of Henry of Navarre, and the interference of Elizabeth to rescue the Netherlands from

The Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain,

if I may borrow the appropriate words of Tennyson's Grenville. Spenser also (as he expressly tells us) looked forward to singing, as the crowning event of his poem, the great victory of the Faery Queen over her Pagan foe, *i.e.*, of Elizabeth over Philip II.; but only half of his poem was ever written, and he did not live to reach the intended climax, and celebrate that great triumph of the powers of light over the powers of darkness.

When the first three books of the "Faery Queene" were completed, he received, at his Irish home, a visit from Raleigh, and on his inducement came over to England and appeared at the

court of Elizabeth. The poem was an immediate success; but after a stay of a year or so in England, Spenser turned his back on the court, and sought again the retirement of his home. He has left an interesting little poem which tells us, under a pastoral disguise, of the feelings with which he did so. In that poem, Colin Clout, as a rustic bard, is represented as telling the shepherds and shepherdesses around him of his visit and his experiences. As contrasted with Ireland, the home of disease and want, of barbarism and peril, he finds England a charming country indeed:—

No wailing there nor wretchedness is heard,
No bloody issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine nor no raging sword,
No nightly bordrags,¹ nor no hue and cries.
The shepherds there abroad may safely lie
On hills and towns, withouten dread or danger,
No ravenous wolves the goodman's hope destroy,
No outlaws fell affray the forest ranger.

If the men were but equal to their surroundings, or worthy of their advantages! But as for that, his picture of Christian England recalls Heber's picture of heathen lands in the South Seas, where

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,

and where

Every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.

Spenser's language is curiously similar:—

For end, all good, all grace, there freely grows,
Had people grace it gratefully to use,
For God his gifts there plenteously bestows.
But graceless men them greatly do abuse.

Proceeding to recount his own experiences, he describes with much warmth of admiration the many poets who graced the court of Cynthia (as he

¹ Supposed to mean "bordrags" (as in the "Faery Queene") incursions into bordering counties or districts.

terms the queen), and the ladies who brightened it, and can find no language adequate to express the all-surpassing merits and charms of Cynthia herself; but yet he turns from the court with much disgust. In his eyes it is a place

Where each one seeks with malice and
with strife
To thrust down other into foul disgrace,
Himself to raise; and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitful wit
In subtle shifts, and finest sleights devise
Either by slandering his well-deemed
name
Through leasings leud and feigned forgery;
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame
By creeping close into his secrecy:
To which him needs a guileful hollow heart,
Masked with fair dissembling courtesy,
A filèd tongue furnished with terms of art,
No art of school have there small countenance,
Counted but toys to busy idle brains;
And there professors find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gains.

Each man's worth, he tells his hearers, is there measured by his dress, "and single truth and simple honesty do wander up and down despised of all." He freely acknowledges that there are honorable exceptions, and not a few of them, but yet insists on the unworthiness of most, affirming that they are either eaten up with pride and envy,

Or they their days to idleness divide,
Or drownèd lie in pleasure's wasteful well,
In which, like moldwarps, nousling still
they lurk,
Unmindful of chief parts of manliness,
And do themselves, for want of other work,
Vain votaries of lazy love profess.

Talk of love, he says, is everywhere: all the walls and windows are writ full with inscriptions of it, and every one makes it a point of honor to wear a lady's badge and "swim in love up to the ears," but such so-called love is empty and frivolous, when indeed it is

not worse, as constituting an abuse of the sacred name of love to base ends and sordid uses. How worthily and how holily Spenser himself deemed of love may be seen by his quatrain of poems on "Earthly and Heavenly Beauty," and "Earthly and Heavenly Love."

The success of the "Faery Queene" led the publisher to collect and bring out as many of Spenser's smaller poems as he could lay his hands on. One of them, called "The Tears of the Muses," written probably several years before, is interesting, as containing the fullest expression of Spenser's view of the then state of literature and of authors. It is somewhat strange to find in the golden days of Queen Elizabeth such a picture of the *neglect* of literature—I do not say of the absence of it—as is here put before us. It accords, however, with the rest of his picture of his own times. Authors, except so far as they were dramatists, had no wide reading public to appeal to, and, unless they had private wealth, were necessarily dependent on the patronage of the great. In an age when the great were vying with each other in the richness of their apparel and the munificence of their entertainments—when they were largely given over to base and ignoble pleasures, little disposing them to appreciate any literature except of the base and ignoble sort—it is not strange if the average of authorship should not have been high, and if the best authors should have found but little encouragement—like Stow, whose labors were rewarded in his old age with a Royal Charter empowering him to go a-begging. Literature was *abundant*, no doubt: William Webbe, in the preface to his "Discourse of English Poetrie," comments on the "innumerable sortes of English books and infinite fardels of printed pamphlets wherewith this country is pestered, all shoppes stuffed, and every study furnished," and the greater part of which, he adds, were poetical, or connected with poetry. But the bulk of the poetry prevalent in Spenser's day was, he affirms, of a very base and degrading tendency:—

They feed [he says] the ears of fools with flattery
And good men blame and losels magnify.

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure
And tell their prince that learning is but vain;
Fair ladies' love they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with lewd delights distract;
Clerks they to loathly idleness entice,
And fill their books with discipline of vice.

The drama, he complained, had greatly fallen off; good, honest comedy was neglected for mere scurrility; the best writers were dead or silent. As for the nobility, whose especial function Spenser upheld it to be, both to be examples of noble doing and to patronize the poets who immortalized noble deeds,

They do only strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride and foolish vanity:
In th' eyes of people they put all their praise
And only boast of arms and ancestry;
But virtuous deeds, which did those arms first give
To their grandsires, they care not to achieve.

Their great revènues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare,
And the rich fee which poets wont divide
Now parasites and sycophants do share.

It is a remarkable record, to be left by an able and observant man, on the eve of the greatest efflorescence of English literature. It is dictated partly, perhaps, by personal disappointment, partly also, I imagine, by a certain aristocratic superciliousness in Spenser, who never forgets that he is himself of gentle blood, a scion of the noble family of the Spencers, and who regards as something of a sacrilege the irruption of the general public—largely, no doubt, the uneducated public—into the sacred precincts of literature, properly the domain of the well-born. This poem, too, marks perhaps the darkest hour—the hour before the

dawn; and in the later poem, "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," we see that the dawn is already beginning to be visible in the sky. We there find detailed mention of many able writers, whose works in various branches of poetry win the author's cordial and unstinted admiration, and we no longer hear of literature failing to gain appreciation; on the contrary, it is there told, as part of the merits of England as contrasted with Ireland, that in the former country

learned arts do flourish in great honor
And poets' wits are held in peerless price.

On his return to his Irish home Spenser proceeded steadily with his great work—steadily, but not with so full a flow of poetic fervor as had marked the early portion. His sixth book, however, on courtesy, is far from being the least pleasing of the whole. When the second three books were completed he brought them to England for publication, and returned once more to Ireland. His Irish home was no longer a solitary one: his long and persistent love for Rosalind had given place at last to a love for an Elizabeth, whom he wooed in passionate sonnets, and his marriage with whom he celebrated in his "Epithalamium." His married life, however, was but of short duration; a sudden outbreak of the Irish among whom he dwelt led to the burning of his house, and the loss of his youngest child, and though he himself, with his wife and the rest of his children, contrived to escape to England, the shock was a fatal one, and he died very shortly after at the early age of forty-six.

I have spoken of Spenser chiefly in relation to his time—how he was affected by it, and how he has represented it. It is, of course, easy to read and enjoy his great poem without troubling ourselves very closely with the moral or historical allegory that underlies it; the vividness of his descriptions, and the variety, and often the beauty, of the scenes through which he leads us, may charm us sufficiently

of themselves. For myself, however, I find him fully as interesting and attractive when introducing us to the men and women of his own day. His pictures of contemporary life, while very gloomy, cannot, I think, be set aside as the mere reflection of his own sad feelings, the outcome of personal disappointment; nor can they, in his case, as they might in the case of many another poet, be discounted as the dreams of a recluse who took no part in the actual business of life. The evils which he depicts are evils which he was in a position to have personal knowledge of, and are just the same sort of evils which we find lamented in his contemporary Gascoigne's poem, called "The Stele Glass." However, if a study of his works tends to dissipate some delusions respecting the Elizabethan court and the Elizabethan age generally, as we fancy them, for example, when we read the pages of Charles Kingsley, the fact is not without its consolations. It is somewhat reassuring to us, when disheartened by the contemplation of the many glaring evils which are to be seen in society to-day, to remember that, to the eye of an observant and high-minded man, there were clouds as dark, or darker, over the moral and intellectual sky of that bygone age, which yet shines out upon us one of the grandest periods in the whole of our country's annals.

GEO. SERRELL.

title of this paper rather than its converse.

The whole subject of the *Philosophy of Blunders*, it must be confessed at the outset, is at once too wide for this paper and too deep for its writer. The blunders to be discussed are only some of those which come under the notice of an examiner in the course of oral and written examinations of various grades.

The process of examination may be regarded as a kind of thinking by proxy, or of co-operative thinking, either in the form of reminiscence or of reasoning. If the examination is mainly on matters of fact, or a revisal of matter previously committed to memory, it takes the form of remembering by proxy. If the question assume the form of what would be described in arithmetic as a problem, or in geometry as a rider, the process is that of reasoning by proxy. That is, of course, looking at it from the examiner's point of view. From the side of the examiné there is, unfortunately, nothing vicarious in the proceeding—it is severely personal.

The expression "thinking by proxy," however unjustifiable or inexact, has been used to bring out the fact that the examiner does not merely *ask questions*, as one would do who desires information. His mind has already performed a certain course of reminiscence or of reasoning regarding the subject under review. He then initiates the same process in the mind of the pupil or candidate by suggesting to him the first links of the same chain of thinking, with the object of discovering how far that mind is qualified by training and information to complete the chain.

Now it is clear that the required chain of reminiscence may fail in the case of the pupil from a variety of causes. In the first place, there may be ignorance of certain facts or events embraced in it. Again, the clue given by the examiner may be insufficient to suggest the next link in the series; and this may result either from a real defect in the form of the question, or from a relative defect as regards some individual pupil who has been accustomed to a more suggestive form of

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BLUNDERS.

The "Blunders of Philosophy" would doubtless furnish a wider and a deeper theme, and at the same time a more familiar one, than the "Philosophy of Blunders." But as the number of blunderers is probably considerably larger than the number of philosophers, and as it may be more comforting to believe that there is philosophy in most blunders than that there are blunders in most philosophies, there may be a certain advantage in adhering to the

question. Or again, at some point in the chain, some irrelevant series of ideas may appear instead of that expected by the examiner, due to a misleading association in the pupil's mind--this arising either from some want of clearness in the teaching or from misapprehension of it, when the subject was first presented to the pupil.

The performance of a chain of reasoning, which is more or less new to the pupil, may also fail from various causes. Some of the more obvious may be mentioned. The data supplied by the examiner may be insufficient, misleading, or misapprehended. There may be a weakness of the reasoning power which might fairly have been expected from the pupil, either general or confined to the subject of examination. Or there may be a want of information as to the subject, or an imperfect memory of the facts required, due to any of the various sources of incorrect reminiscence mentioned in the preceding paragraph.

So much for the more obvious causes of partial failure in this process of thinking by proxy--thinking begun by the examiner and continued by the pupil for him. Partial failure is all that concerns us at present. Total failure does not amount to blunder or error, which is always a partial truth. Mere ignorance is never equivalent to blunder; that is always error or falsehood masquerading in the garb of truth. It is literally a mis-take. In mere ignorance there is nothing to take, either amiss or otherwise. The pupil who is merely ignorant of a subject, and knows he is ignorant of it, does not blunder; he holds his peace. It is he who is ignorant, and does not know it, that cheers the examiner's heart with those refreshing blunders, the gleanings of which is sometimes supposed to form the favorite occupation of professional examiners.

It has already been stated that any stoppage or divergence of the desired train of thought may be due to the examiner as well as to the pupil. It may even be broadly asserted that in perhaps a majority of cases of blunder,

as distinct from mere failure to answer, the examiner is responsible rather than the pupil. The latter takes the words of the former literally, and without the qualification which an adult mind would probably feel to be necessary; the result is, from the examiner's point of view, a blunder. But in dealing with immature minds one should be careful to say what he means. Examples of blunders due to this cause will doubtless be easily recalled by such readers as have had anything to do with elementary school-work. One may be quoted. A little boy in the course of his reading lesson came to the word "widow," and called it "window," a word more familiar to him. The teacher, who was acting as examiner, corrected the blunder, and then, wishing to improve the occasion, put the question, "What is the difference between 'widow' and 'window'?" The boy's answer began, "You can see through a window, but—" and then stopped. The amusement plainly visible on the teacher's face prevented this miniature Sam Weller from completing the contrast. Now, the blunder here, so far as it was a blunder, was entirely due to the teacher. He did not mean to impress on his pupils the transparency of a window as contrasted with a widow, but the difference in spelling between the two words.

The following instance, taken from a school in the same village as that just referred to, though it is not an actual case of blunder, serves to illustrate the fact that the younger mind is sometimes the more accurate. The teacher of an infant class was talking to her children one morning about birds. The fact had been dwelt on that birds have wings where we have arms, and that by these wings they have the power of flying. In winding up the lesson, just before dismissing the class for lunch, the following question was put in order to stimulate the imagination of the children regarding the subject, "Now, would you not all like to have wings, as the birds have, so that you could fly straight home as soon as you get out?" There was a chorus of assent,

but one cautious little fellow shook his head and answered "No." "Why not?" asked his teacher, surprised. "Because I could not *sup*." And this little dissentient had alone grasped the bearings of the question. The choice suggested was wings in place of arms and hands; had it been wings in addition to these he would have felt safe to answer Yes; but without hands how could he sup his kail or his porridge? Better walk home with that pleasure in view than fly home without it.

Besides the unconsciously incomplete question in examining or in teaching, we often have the intentionally incomplete question, or elliptical question, as it is technically called. It is not really a question at all, but a form of the "missing word competition," which still survives. The examiner makes a statement which he asks the children to complete for him. The clue is either so obvious as to make the exercise quite worthless for the end in view, or else so obscure that nothing but a lucky guess can discover the missing word. In either case it is worthless for the purposes of examination, and pernicious for those of teaching. The following is selected from among many as an example of how this kind of question sometimes works. The subject of lesson was the "Miraculous draught of fishes." Simon said, "We have toiled all night and caught nothing," quoted the teacher; "then they let down the net, and enclosed a great multitude of fishes; now, then, Simon was a—" "Disciple," replied one lad. "Apostle," another suggested; but these answers were waved aside. The quotation was given again, and this time the apparently pertinent answer "Fisherman" was offered, but not accepted. The class was now quite at a loss to see what particular aspect of Simon was in the teacher's mind. One more trial he made, emphasizing the contrast between "catching nothing" and "enclosing a great multitude of fishes." One boy saw the contrast clearly now, and drew a startling conclusion; "now, then," the teacher repeated, "Simon was a—" "Leear,"

replied the boy, and for the sake of euphony we leave the answer in the boy's own dialect. The teacher was somewhat shocked, no doubt, and the class somewhat amused, but the question was not answered. And so the teacher began the quotation again, this time filling up the ellipsis himself, "Now, then," he concluded, "Simon was *a-stonished*." And no doubt so were the pupils, as well as the other listeners.

Another question may be quoted, not, indeed, elliptical, but admitting a yet wider variety of answers. The young teacher wished to lead up to the word "Labor," the subject of his proposed lesson, and began, "If anybody does anything, what does he do?" No articulate answer was offered to that question.

Coming next to blunders for which the examiner cannot be held responsible, it must be admitted that many of these defy classification. But they generally fall into two groups—those due to defective memory, and those due to defective reasoning. In so far as there is error and not mere failure to answer, these might be otherwise described generally as the substitution of reasoning for memory, and the substitution of memory for reasoning. By far the most numerous group will be found to be that which consists of blunders due to the substitution of memory for reasoning. This is the most common type of blunder due to defective training in reasoning, the remainder of this genus usually consisting of blunders due to reasoning from a false analogy. But the substitution of reasoning for memory is perhaps productive of specimens which are more amusing.

In the examples immediately following, defective memory and analogical reasoning are together responsible for the blunders. The child was in each case expected to answer from memory, as the matter had been previously explained in the class.

In the first instance, the subject of examination was Jesus and the disciples on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. "What were they doing on the

seashore?" was asked. "Gathering buckles," was the answer given by a child, whose recollection of the seashore was more vivid than that of his previous lesson.

The second example comes from the same school. In rehearsing the story of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the question was put, "Why was there no room in the inn?" "Because it was pay-day," came at length from a little fellow, who seemed to know well the appearance of the "inn" on the fortnightly pay-day in the mining village where he lived.

The third example of this kind is drawn from a northern Sunday-school. The subject of lesson was the triumphal entry into Jerusalem. "Why did the people strew palm-branches in the way?" asked the teacher. One pupil, impressed no doubt by the hostility of one section of the Jews rather than by the enthusiasm of the other, gave the startling explanation, "To trip the cuddy."

This kind of blunder, it may be noted, is perhaps more common in Scripture lessons than in any other kind. And the reasons for this are plain. Analogies from personal experience are certain to mislead when applied to scenes so different in every way. At the same time, and often for the same reason, the subjects are less clearly understood, and less vividly present to the imagination, so that memory has to work under serious disadvantages. In such a case memory must be almost entirely verbal memory, and verbal memory does not seem to satisfy intelligent children. They refuse to be mere tablets on which words may be recorded. If the words convey no meaning, they will put a meaning into them, right or wrong. Some such instinct it must have been that led a little boy recently to repeat the children's favorite psalm with a variation of his own, thus:—

My table Thou hast furnished
With presents from my foes

—not an unreasonable rendering if he had ever read the story of "spoiling the Egyptians."

Similar reasons help to make the sub-

ject of history a fruitful source of blunders among children. The memory is apt to be purely a verbal memory, which is always apt to lead to more or less ludicrous errors. But unfortunately children do not have any monopoly in this class of blunder. Some of the quotations which follow are taken from the papers of pupil-teachers seeking admission to training colleges, and the others from those of students who had been in training in these colleges for one or two years. In each blunder the point where memory began to go wrong is easily seen, and the slip is generally due to a similarity in sound between two words.

"Tyre was destroyed by fire and brimstone; its site is covered by the Dead Sea." The groups "Tyre and Sidon" and "Sodom and Gomorrah" had evidently got mixed up. "John Wesley joined the navy in 1770, and by degrees rose to be Duke of Wellington." John Wesley is here, as is not at all uncommon in such papers, confounded with Sir Arthur Wellesley, and the navy has been put in place of the army. "Pope is celebrated for his Essays on Man and on the Human Understanding." This is quite a typical example of the results of cramming up literary history. A more extreme case of confusion may be added: "Sir Thomas More lived in the reign of William; he was a great poet; some of his poems were 'Coelebs in Search of a Wife,' 'Ye Mariners of England,' and 'The Descent of Man.' He was also one of the greatest preachers of his time." Such answers will continue to be given so long as students are encouraged or allowed to discuss, criticise, classify, or even mention works which they have never seen, much less read. The name More is frequently confused with Moore, and Moore the poet with Sir John Moore, as in the following: "Sir Thomas More, a famous general, born in Ireland, wrote several essays and poems. He was killed at the battle of Corunna." Further examples of confusion of names may be given: "Gibraltar was seized by Richard Hooker," instead of Admiral Rooke; "Charles I. impris-

oned nine members; among these was George Elliot," instead of Sir John Elliot—this not an uncommon blunder among women students; "The Maid of Norway was the granddaughter of Alexander the Great," for Alexander I.; "Pym was a companion of Hampden in the ship called the Pilgrim Fathers which sailed to America in 1620," where the confusion of the name given to the passengers with that of the ship is responsible for part of the blunder; "The Culdees were fire-worshippers," possibly the name Parsees was in the student's mind here; "Their religion [that of the ancient Britons] was Druidism, and they firmly believed in Transubstantiation," perhaps transmigration of souls is meant. The following answers show the result of memorizing historical or political events without understanding their import: "The evidences which still remain of the Roman occupation are the building of houses and the making of shoes," arts which are said to have been introduced among the ancient Britons by the Romans; "In 1867 the Second Reform Act was passed, which conceded fair rents, fixity of tenure, and free sale of public holdings," in which among other things there is evidence that the technical meaning of "Reform" is unknown. Even chronology, which is the crammer's strong point, goes astray under the effort to reproduce statements seen somewhere in a text-book. For example, "During the reign of Queen Elizabeth one of her most able supporters was Cranmer, a Protestant. During the reign of Queen Mary, Cranmer was burned for heresy," a statement made by a student who could not possibly be ignorant of the fact that Mary's reign preceded that of Elizabeth. Again, "Montfort was the chief man in getting the Constitutions of Clarendon passed in 1158, fought at Lewes in 1264, was killed in 1265," a statement made by one who must have been aware that she was assigning to the good earl a public career of one hundred and seven years. But these students had determined to rely on memory for their answers, and it did

not occur to them to apply their common sense to check the result.

In subjects of a scientific cast, blunders, it might be expected, would arise chiefly from faulty reasoning. But experience shows that in examination papers they are almost entirely due to the absence of reasoning, and to the substitution of an attempt to remember phrases and statements seen in the text-book, even when these are glaringly inapplicable. And however ungallant it may be to say so, experience seems to indicate that this vice is more prevalent among women than among men students. Papers in Euclid, among others, indicate this. Girls are more ready than boys to inform the examiner that "a circle is a figure bounded by one straight line," and perhaps only a girl could have defined a point as "that which has length and breadth but no magnitude." In arithmetical problems more errors are due to this tendency than to incorrect figuring. Memory suggests a "rule" apparently applicable to the terms of the problem, and this rule is applied with a trust so implicit that the result is never examined in the light of common sense. So the examiner is informed, for example, that an ounce of tea costs as many pounds as it should do pence, or that a poor-rate of over twenty shillings in the pound, instead of as many pence, is necessary to raise a given sum. But these blunders are too common to require illustration.

Geography, more especially in its physical aspect, is the subject which perhaps affords the best opportunities for science teaching, among all the subjects of the elementary school curriculum. It, therefore, provides most pitfalls for those who aim at producing a maximum of "results" with a minimum of thinking. Blunders in this subject give ample evidence that "science falsely so called" did not pass away with the apostolic age.

The explanation of common physical phenomena such as the seasons, day and night, the tides, and so forth, form part of the course of study in most schools, and of pupil-teachers and

students in training colleges, so that those matters could not have been new to any of the writers whose remarks are now to be quoted as illustrations of blunders in reasoning combined with memory.

One training college student explains that "we have summer in this country when the North Pole is turned towards the equator," a condition which, if indispensable, would make our chances of fine weather somewhat worse than they really are. Another says that during summer "the weather is getting gradually warmer, caused by the rotation of the sun." It is hard to see what the writer meant to say. A third paper informs us that "the more we increase our longitude, the more we increase the cold." The confusion here is chiefly between longitude and latitude. Regarding the position of the Tropic of Cancer, one writer says, "The Tropic of Cancer is situated north and south of the equator," a blunder which it is difficult to account for rationally; while an equally confused statement is that "the Tropic of Cancer is the meridian which passes round the earth midway between the equator and the Tropic of Capricorn." Nor is it much more easy to disentangle this answer, "Longitude is the means by which we can tell the position of a place east or west of the Poles." In another of the same series of papers this fact is announced, "If by any means or other (*sic*) we could have vegetable life in the north of Africa and Arabia, then we should not have such deserts," which no one would attempt to dispute. But science has not only proved inadequate to explain the less known phenomena; it has sometimes served to confuse what was previously well enough understood, as in the case of the student who says, "A solar day is the length of time between the sun's rising and setting"—this is a blunder of little consequence so far, as it may be due to mere ignorance of what the term "solar day" is used to express, but the serious part of the answer follows,—"it is twenty-four hours." Surely no intelligent young woman of eighteen or twenty would assert the time between

sunrise and sunset to be twenty-four hours unless she supposed that science required her to say so. Memory misled her into the belief that this statement was made somewhere in her text-book—therefore, down it goes: this was a paper in which science was required, not common sense.

The same spirit of simple faith in memory, when it bears false witness regarding the text-book, seems responsible for the following varied explanations of the phenomena of the tides or the tidal wave: "Tides are caused by evaporation"—"by prevailing winds"—"by different oceans meeting each other"—"by the undercurrents meeting"—"by the different temperatures"—"by the waves of the Atlantic pushing the surface waters westward." Of the students who show a better understanding of the subject, several fell into a somewhat amusing error, perhaps a slip of the pen, but one which does not occur among the papers of male students. The influence exerted by the moon upon the waters of the earth is explained as being due to the moon's "attractions." The recurrence of this slip in several papers raises the question whether it is really a mere slip of the pen, or whether the fair writers regard what is popularly described by the word "attractions" as being the universal drawing-power in nature, animate and inanimate alike; and one might wish to know if any writer holding that creed also believes in the "attractions of gravity."

It is easy to trace the cause of error in such students as say that the tidal wave exists in China or in the tropics; but the following account defies all analysis: "Tides are caused by the rising and falling of the ocean. The great tidal wave begins in the Mediterranean Sea, rushes up the Atlantic Ocean, and goes right on through all the other oceans and seas till it reaches London, where it comes with great force into the Thames." Another answer in the same series illustrates several of the causes of error already mentioned, notably the complete divorce of science from common

sense; but its real interest lies in the fact that it was written by one who had completed a term of apprenticeship as a pupil-teacher in a school in a seaport town on the tidal estuary of one of our great rivers. "Tides are caused by the rays of the sun and moon acting upon the earth. . . . The rays of the sun and moon draw the waters together, and they form a sort of wall."

. . . After confusing neaptides with low water, the statement ends thus: "A good example of this may be seen on any of our rivers; when it is full tide on one side, the other is low."

We gather from another paper, however, that we are advancing in knowledge from age to age; for while "the ancients thought the world was round," we now know that "the sun never stands still. It is continually making a circuit round the earth."

The political aspects of geography seem to be more easily mastered; or rather it may be said that while physical and political geography are alike matters of memory, the facts of political geography can be more easily committed to memory without being understood. Errors in this department are chiefly in proper names; for example, the Black Forest is located in "Badenoch in the south of Germany," and the Mahavelli-Ganga, a river in Ceylon, is described as the "Machiavelli-Ganglia," a name full of whimsical suggestion, as if the writer believed that the nerve-centres which were characteristic of the Italian philosopher must have a geographical parallel in the island "where only man is vile."

There is perhaps only one country, and that not Holland, where one would expect to hear of windmills driven by water, but a candidate for admission to a training college informs the examiner that "Holland is adorned with windmills near the canals, which work the machinery." Holland comes in for a good deal of misrepresentation among the same batch of papers. One candidate believes that "the mouths of the Danube, which has a very large delta, the Rhine, and the Loire, all flow through Holland." Some such belief it

must have been that led another to say, "There is more water than land in Holland." As an example of carefully detailed inaccuracy, the following takes a high rank: "Holland is bounded on the north by the Baltic Sea and Denmark, on the east by Hungary and Russia, on the south by France and Spain, and on the west by the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel." Can the writer of that description have been under the impression that she knew anything at all about the situation of Holland? It is difficult to think so, after one reads it in view of the map of Europe.

Among all the *quasi-scientific* subjects of the teacher's curriculum, domestic economy stands easily first in providing pitfalls for the student. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering the great and catholic width of the so-called "subject." Political economy is an exact science in comparison with it. Laundry-work and life-insurance, dress-making and dietetics, savings-banks and sanitation, house-work and hygiene, physiology and "first aid"—all these and more invite the young teacher's attention, and lie in wait for her at her professional examinations. Her two years' training might be profitably spent in this subject alone, apart from the crowd of other subjects, to each of which an equal or larger number of marks is attached in her annual examination. The examples which follow are taken from papers written by students who had finished their two years' training, and were being examined for their professional certificates.

One curious symptom of the overthrow of common sense by science in such a study is the fact that the papers are frequently marked by grotesque misspellings, not merely of scientific terms but even more especially of common words which in other papers would present no difficulty whatever. This is a mark of the papers of senior school-girls who study the subject of domestic economy as well as of older students, and to such an extent that an examiner is forced to the conclusion that this

study is in some occult way a danger to orthography. To invest in "consuls," to have the finger nails neatly "paired," "poodles" of water, "minch meat," "roasted stake," to have the drains "slushed" with water, and to break a class up into "draughts," may be taken as a few examples of this tendency. But scientific terms are by no means safe from variations, as the two following quotations, this time from the papers of schoolgirls, will show: "Car bonny cassid" is an unusual but yet recognizable form of carbonic acid. "Lack tail ducks" may not be so easily recognized; one might suppose that it referred to a species of waterfowl, related in some way to the Manx cat, but it is really intended for lacteal ducts. Possibly the functions of these vessels was no less a mystery to the writer than the spelling of their name.

That such a *pot-pourri* of science should lead to much confused thinking is only to be expected, and confused thinking is not favorable to clear expression. Many papers afford examples of confused expression, and these papers by no means deficient in merit otherwise. For example, one student explains that a person whose life has been insured at a certain rate "gets £100 at death." Another gives rules to "prevent overspenditure," a word whose meaning lies on the surface, if not found in our dictionaries. Those on holiday are advised in one instance to take every advantage of "the embracing air."

The wish for brevity leads one to say that French women use "their own clarified fat" in cooking, and another that a school kitchen should have "space enough to allow six or eight girls to cook at once," while yet another tells us that a certain dish may be "eaten cold twice." Such ambiguities are probably due more to haste than to any other cause, and are hardly to be classed as absolute blunders, notwithstanding the anthropophagous suggestions of the two first.

The most common type of blunder, naturally, is the use of the wrong word. This is sometimes due to the

use of one unknown (or meaningless) term for another; sometimes, again, to the substitution of a word which has some meaning for another which has none, so far as the writer's knowledge goes. A few examples of such substitutions are the following: "The vessel, crew, and cargo must be thoroughly disinfected with hydrochloric acid," probably a more effective if less pleasant treatment than disinfection with chloride of lime, or whatever may have suggested the term; a teacher "finds his energy flag, and finds himself becoming disinterested and exhausted,"—an unexpected moral result from hard work, or from having "to baffle against a vitiated atmosphere," as another paper has it; disease-stricken ships should be "kept in quarantine," and the passengers not allowed to come on shore until after a fortnight's furlough," which puts the case in rather euphemistic form; "cholera is a preventative disease," we find in one paper, while another says that some people think that "it is merely a disturbed state of the atmosphere." A sheet "which has been diluted with carbonic acid" will easily suggest what the expression should have been, and "treatment which rendered the disease invulnerable ever after" will also be easily recognized as a case of transference of epithet. Even "a pleasant action of the skin which proves refreshing and enervating," shows marks of groping in the right direction for a term; and the slip is evident in "what an Englishwoman would throw away, a Frenchwoman would neutralize in her soup."

The importance of a good water-supply is recognized by all the writers, but their remarks regarding this matter are in one or two cases suggestive of sarcasm; for example, "The water that is used is carefully analyzed, and when anything is found likely to cause disease, it is entirely disregarded;" and "The water communication should be stopped, as water is the greatest carrier of the germs of typhoid fever."

Papers in this subject also contain an unusual proportion of expressions

somewhat suggestive of the Emerald Isle; for example, "Every house not yet infected should be disinfected;" "The body is covered with little holes;" "Girls of all ages;" "The nurse should not mix with any one except the doctor;" "For tea she might get a little cocoa;" and "One breath of pure morning air is worth a dozen of moonlight." The following is a more detailed example of the same type, the reference being to penny dinners at school; "Each child receives a good deal more than a pennyworth, but the loss is not great when a great many children buy." Outside a "scientific" paper this statement could never have been made by the writer. Even Bible knowledge is not proof against the infection of this confused thinking, for in several cases, and in papers from more than one college, the saying that "Cleanliness is next to godliness" is credited with an inspired origin.

In the subject of Domestic Economy, one feels that blunders such as the preceding should be regarded with great leniency. What is gained in breadth must be lost in depth. But the further question may arise, whether the net gain has any appreciable magnitude, after the loss is deducted. True, a good many useful bits of information may be gained, but even these seem to be mingled with a number of rather dangerous errors. Perhaps a more serious aspect of the matter is, that there is so evident a sacrifice of training and education for the sake of mere empirical knowledge.

With respect to many of the blunders quoted from students' papers, the question may arise, as was previously suggested, Did the writer *suppose* he was answering the question asked? Or was the answer merely an attempt to gain some credit for a knowledge which he was conscious of not possessing?

This question is really a wide-reaching and important one,—a question which rarely arises to mar one's enjoyment of the stumbles which children make in their mental gymnastics. The blunders of children are always interesting and instructive, and in the hands

of a teacher who can form a true diagnosis of the cause of error, they are of the greatest possible value. They each mark a doubtful point on the road, and serve as finger-posts to guide into the highway instead of the byway on future excursions. To the examiner, blunders may be indications of a higher intellectual power than correct answers would have been. Correct answers on a prepared syllabus of work *may* be due largely to memory, perhaps a transient and valueless memory, but a really *intelligent* blunder is always an evidence of original thought.

But the higher examinations quoted from are, to a certain extent, professional examinations, and on the results of them the student's professional career and emoluments may, to a certain extent, depend. So the question arises, more of a moral than an intellectual question, Is this a *bona fide* blunder? Did the writer suppose that this answers the question? Or does he know that he cannot answer the question, but know also that he *cannot afford* to leave it unanswered? Is he not merely "having a shy" at it in order to secure a few stray marks for his total? And if the blunder be, like so many quoted already, a hopeless confusion regarding things perfectly well known even to very imperfectly educated people, this question is apt to take the form of an awkward dilemma: Has his education merely blunted his common sense? Or has it blunted his moral sense also?

To condemn a whole system of education because it produces a few results such as these here discussed, would be of course a blunder as well as an injustice. So would it be to lay the blame on the particular educators by whose students these statements were made—although it is said that in China when a man is guilty of parricide, his teacher is put to death along with him; and even Socrates was not held blameless for the vagaries of Alcibiades. Were we dealing with the whole philosophy of blunders, it might indeed be necessary to inquire whether some-

thing in our system of education were not the original and fundamental blunder, and the cause of many others,—but that is another story, as Rudyard Kipling says.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE STAR OF THE SEA.

Above the inner arch of the Grande Porte at St. Malo, there is a wide niche where candles burn and a tall painted figure stands; a quaint archaic figure with a child sitting primly on her out-stretched arm, and her full eyelids drooping in an eternal meditation. On either side there are the huge squat towers and the great retreating wall; beneath, there is a little square, with cafés at every corner, and a constant crowd coming and going all day long.

The Virgin is there, because she is the guardian and patroness of St. Malo, the watcher at her door; and because in the little square below she can look down upon her children mounth after month, season after season, in their home-comings and their out-goings, in the autumn that brings them back, in the spring that sends them forth again. She is the protectress of St. Malo, the guardian of the town, as sacred as she is dear and familiar to every true Malouin. But to those whose calling leads them into the constant peril of the sea, she is infinitely more; she walks before them on the waters, her hand is stretched out to them in danger, to save if it may be; she is for them indeed the Star of the Sea, the Gate of Heaven.

It is autumn, and already the Newfoundland fishing-boats are coming back, one by one. There is a saying, here, that it is "The wind of St. François that brings home the Terreneuvas,"¹ and surely on the 4th of October, the fête of St. François d'Assisi, there is a fair strong wind blowing from the west. In many of the villages round

St. Malo, and inland where one can no longer catch sight of the sea, there will be those who turn their faces westward to-day, to greet the wind that has filled the returning sails; in many of the cottages, the goodwife will look to her cider, and tell herself that it must be ready against the *gars* comes home. Perhaps the *gars* is indeed a boy, as the word signifies; perhaps, also, he is a grey-haired man; but to the goodwife who waits for him at home, he is always the *gars*. And she brings out the great armchair from the corner, where it has stood unused all the long summer, and sets it by the fire; it is empty still, but she fills it for the present with hope. Outside, the sun shines broadly golden, and the trees wave in the wind; one hears the thud of falling apples, and the ground beneath is variously yellow, or green, or red with them; in the yard there is a scented shining heap of fruit, and the cider-mill is at work. Everywhere there is the rich strong smell of apples in the air; it is autumn, and the Terreneuvas are coming home.

In the dock the quay is clear, waiting for them; it has been empty, save for a stray visitor or so, all the summer. All this month they come in slowly, but the weather is not yet fair for them; perhaps there are storms against which they can make no way, or windless days when the sea is white and still, and swims in silver mists; it is not till after All Saints' that each day the Terreneuvas gather and wait in the bay to come in on the tide. They bring with them an overwhelming stench of salt; everywhere there is salt, the stones, the decks, the waiting carts, are white with it; and everywhere, too, there are unending piles of salted fish.

And now the great steamer is due; the steamer that brings a swarming mass of fishermen back from the Banks, blackening her decks and climbing on to her rigging for the first sight of home. First it is a cluster of black spots on the horizon; then the land draws back on either side, and St. Malo ahead lifts its single spire like a beck-

¹ *Terreneuvas*, the local name for the Newfoundland fishermen, as also for their boats.

oning finger; then the lighthouse is past and the bay opens, and the steamer sweeps round the breakwater under the walls of the town over which the tall chimneys rise and peer. St. Malo to-day has emptied itself upon the quay, and there rises thence a roar of welcome; the Terreneuvas—save for the laggards and the storm-stayed, and those who are waited for, but do not come—are home.

The goodwife is there from her little inland village; she has tramped in, in her *sabots* that are pointed high at the toes and bound with brass, with her Sunday *coiffe* that is trimmed with lace. She has put on her flowered kerchief and the apron with the wide silk ends; she wore them all, perhaps, at her marriage, and she brings them out of the chest where they lie, on the great church festivals and for the return of her *gars*. The cider is ready at home, the room swept, and the great armchair set close to the fire, the high two-storyed box beds have little curtains draped neatly at their windows; everything is ready and clean and waiting. And before the little plaster Virgin on the chimney shelf there is a bunch of colored leaves and late flowers or berries, and two tiny tapers which to-night must be lit; for the good Virgin, the Star of the Sea, has watched over the *gars*, and has brought him once more safely home.

And there is perhaps a young wife, with a bundle in her arms; this time last year she was married, and now there is something for her man to see that he has never seen before. She will put it into his arms presently, and he will look at it with a half alarmed delight, and then he will call his mates to come and see, and tell them that it is a boy, *parbleu!* And he will call it Mousse and talk of taking it with him to the Banks, presently, in a year or two. There are fathers and mothers, friends, sweethearts, children, all waiting eagerly, all there to meet the men that have come home in the great steamer; and there are some, also, who wear their *coiffes* hanging loose, and covered with a square of black cloth,

some, with their eyes dim, who are there to meet those who have not come home. "He would have been in the steamer too if—" they say brokenly; and the people about them nod and understand. There are so many, always so many, who do not return.

And now the roads leading into the country are loud with the passage of carts, of all sorts and sizes; donkey-carts, huge farm wagons, coaches, omnibuses; they are piled up with great black boxes and baskets of cod; it is a procession without end. And there is all day long a tramping of innumerable feet; they are going home, laughing and singing, to wake up the villages that have slept all the summer through; their *gars* are safe, and it has been a good fishing, and there is even a little money to put in one's pocket over and above the advance that was made to them before they left in spring. For sometimes there is none, and if there has not been good luck at home, it is hard when the men come back to be fed and kept all the winter in idleness; though it is not to-day, when they have just landed, that one would think of it.

There is a pilgrimage, in these early days of November, to St. Jouan des Guérets. It starts from the great church of St. Servan, where the men gather about the door; they have come in from St. Malo, from Dinard, from all the nearer inland villages, where the *gars* have come back safe from the terrible Banks. There are some of them that are grey-haired and weather-worn, and must soon learn to sit at home; there are young men, there are even boys, who have not yet had time to forget how Brittany smiles in summer; and there are women, who will have their share in thanksgiving to the Good Lady who has heard their prayers. And here, as on the quay when the steamer comes in, there are also those that come to weep, and who see in all the crowd of men only the one that is not there.

Presently with a shuffle and a clatter, the procession starts upon its way. A young priest from the church and

an acolyte bearing the crucifix are leading, and the men follow in an interminable line, their eyes vague with the long-sightedness of the sea, their caps in their hands, and their feet bare, tramping rhythmically; last of all the women carrying the *sabots* of their men, the great *sabots* that they wear on board the schooners, that they wear even aloft, the great heavy *sabots* of the Terreneuvas. "Hail, Mary, full of grace!" says the young priest in a rapid, business-like monotone, glancing behind him to see that the crowd is following decently and in order; and along the road rolls the response: "Pray for us, now, and at the hour of death." The sun is shining with the peculiar brilliance of this still autumn weather, the road is wide and white and dusty. The men's voices, hoarse from the fogs and the winds, rise and fall in the ever recurring responses; there is a constant tinkle as the chaplets pass through every hand, and the soft rhythmical thud of bare tramping feet.

Half-way, just where the road to St. Jouan des Guérets turns off and climbs the hills that edge the river, there is a tiny ivy-covered chapel, which thrusts a quaint gable upon the road. Upon its steps the acolyte rests the crucifix, and the young priest takes his place beside it; the men kneel down, bare-headed and bare-footed, and a little further off the women in a white-capped cluster upon the road. Then the hymn rises, the hymn which is peculiarly their own, the hymn of the Terreneuvas; the one which they sing in joy and in trouble, in life and in death: *Ave! Maris Stella, Dei Mater Alma!* And on the steps of the little chapel the young priest sings lustily as one whose business it is, and the acolyte steadies the crucifix that glitters in the sun.

Then the line forms again, and the procession winds its way along the river bank, climbing the hill on which St. Jouan des Guérets is set amid trees; and presently they come in sight of the little church, to which they are making pilgrimage. And all down the line runs a thrill of relief and satisfaction; the

feet that ache step out more briskly, the vague eyes brighten, and there is a movement and a stir, as the chaplet finishes and the litany begins, with its cheerful air and its thundering response, that peals magnificently across the fields. *Sancta Maria!* chants the young priest; and loudly, almost triumphantly, rings out the answer, *Orা pro nobis!* Then the crowd passes, singing still, into the church, where a quaintly painted Virgin stands upon her altar looking down, with a slight, wise smile as of one who remembers all things; about her hang strange offerings, ancient pictures and banners and variously rigged boats, set there by those who come to pray at her feet. But most of all there are boats, of all shapes and sorts, brought by her children, the Terreneuvas. And she looks down, smiling wisely, upon the men that kneel before her, and upon the mass of their up-turned faces, bronzed and worn by the usage of the sea; and upon the women behind, the white-capped women who carry the great *sabots* of their men, and here and there one who comes empty-handed and has no *sabots* to carry. And perhaps too, in her wisdom, she sees those who are not there, who have stayed behind in the fogs and the storms of the Banks. As the sunshine rushes in at the open door, and the boats and banners about her lift and stir; as she looks down, wisely smiling, the singing begins again, sweetly, familiarly—*Hail, Star of the Sea!*

The winter passes on, slowly enough; but to all whose men go to the fishings, too fast. It is February now, and in the villages about St. Malo there is a commencing stir and movement. The time for love-making and marriage is over; already one has to think of making ready to depart. The last month will pass so inconceivably fast in a whirl of work, of excitement, even of amusement; for the Terreneuvas must go, but so long as may be, the Terreneuvas must laugh, or else—

It begins with the Review. Some morning towards the end of February one finds St. Malo full of life and move-

ment, a movement that directs itself steadily towards the Mairie in a constant unending stream. The streets are crowded with a busy, bustling swarm of men, women, and children; one looks along them and perceives a bobbing surface of flat blue caps and white *coiffes* of every shape and size. One can count by the shapes of the *coiffes* a score of districts that have emptied themselves upon St. Malo; everywhere there is noise, bustle, excitement; this is the beginning of the end, the beginning of the departure.

The men go to the Mairie, where they enter, leaving the square outside full of waiting women and children; through the windows one can see nothing inside but a dense crowd of blue figures. If one pushes into the vestibule, one hears an official voice reading over the conditions of engagements and the lists of the ship-owners, with whom, in the little cafés about the Grand Porte or elsewhere, they have signed bonds. And all who have signed must be here to-day, each to accept the conditions, and to answer, when he hears his name, Présent. Slowly, laboriously, list after list is gone through; first it is perhaps the turn of the Anne-Marie, then of the Dieu-Aide, the Marie-Mère, the Belle-Etoile — goëlette after goëlette, schooner after schooner, list after list, a long monotonous succession of names, quaint uncouth Breton names that trip strangely on French tongues; and always the answering Présent. When the lists are called over, not here, but some day next summer, on the Anne-Marie or the Dieu-Aide, or another, there will be those, perhaps, who will not answer to their names. But tomorrow, and every day till the end of the month, the Mairie will be full of men, and the monotonous voice will go on incessantly, reading the lists till all have been gone over, all the five or six thousand names of the men that the Clos-Poulet¹ sends to the Banks.

Those who have answered, who have "passed the Review," and whose en-

gagements are formally ratified and registered, go out into the square where the women and children are waiting, and move on again, not in a single stream but in diverging groups to the various offices of the ship-owners to receive their advance. The advance is calculated on an average season; when the ship-owner finds himself out of pocket in the autumn after a poor fishing, he makes it up by beating down the men on their next agreements; it is always the year after a bad season that the men gain less. But ordinarily the advance is covered by the result of the fishings; and not seldom there is even a little more to be distributed among them when they return home. It is a serious matter, this, of receiving the advance; a sum of £16, £18, or £20 is to the Terreneuvas a fortune. Out of it he must get what he needs, to add to, or renew, his outfit for the Banks; the rest goes to the mother, the wife, the children, for them to live on during the summer, and to put by, if they can, a little for next winter, when the *gars* will be at home again, hungry, to be fed. And it is partly to buy what is necessary, and partly to watch over the remainder lest too much of it find its way into wineshop or café, that the women come always with their men to the Review. One can watch them in little groups of threes and fours, the *gars* with his wife or mother, and perhaps a couple of children trotting behind, going from shop to shop bargaining, cheapening, spending an hour to save a single sou; and the shops make ready for them by hanging out temptingly all their wares. Consequently the streets are gay; here are great yellow oilskins and sou'-westers; brilliant green blankets and striped rugs; there are the stout cottons to make the bags of chaff which are all their bedding, in gaudy checks of orange, red, and blue. There are blue jerseys, flat woollen caps, huge knitted comforters, and padded gloves; there are high boots coming up to the knee, and green or scarlet socks, and piles of great heavy *sabots*. And all the smaller shops have set out shelves

¹ *Clos-Poulet*, the local name for the district round St. Malo.

spread with cheap sweetmeats and oranges, colored paper flowers and common toys; or with bright ribbons and gay-colored pins and rings and brooches; while up and down the street men pass, bearing trays or baskets and selling trifles of all sorts, which they cry monotonously. *Ki-kiri-Ki!* chants the merchant of caramel apples, with his forest of scarlet balls, perched on slender sticks, *Ki-kiri-Ki!* and the seller of *berlingots*, which are sweetmeats, responds:—

A la vanille pour les p'tit's filles,
Au citron pour les garçons—

enumerating his wares in a rude but tuneful rhyme; and there are all the other odd trifles which are sold at a Brittany fair: "Japanese eggs," "tongues of my mother-in-law," lobsters, perhaps, in scarlet wool, and black Madagascar monkeys dancing at the end of a string; dolls that are mere shapeless wedges of wood; serpents for throwing, *confetti*, bunches of paper flowers; and certainly somewhere, perhaps in the arching of the gate, a long row of pictures set up against the wall, indescribably religious, and an open umbrella full of small ones, splendidly red and blue and green,—"All at a sou, *la Bonne Vierge, la Vierge des Terreneuvas.*"

And outside on the quay the fair has begun; there are booths, lotteries, roundabouts; there are huge baskets of *cimereaux*, the quaintly shaped biscuits that have been made without change for something like a thousand years in this corner of High Brittany; there are sausages smoking hot, and *galettes*, the flat buckwheat cakes, which should be eaten soaked in cider. The fair has begun, the fair which means that the Terreneuvas have money in their pockets, and wives or sweethearts or children for whom something must be bought; the fair that will not finish till the last of the boats has started for the Banks. And along the quay to the ferry-boat, and on the roads leading inland, there is a cheerful traffic as the day draws in; the *gars* with his concertina and a paper flower pinned

to his coat, playing interminably, singing in snatches; the women laden with parcels, grave with the consciousness of much money in their pockets and the nearness of departure; and the children, their hands filled with toys, cakes, sweets, wholly content and uninquisitive. For them, at least, the Review is a day of days, not to be forgotten.

Once the Review is passed the lading goes on briskly; and in the dock, on the quay beside which the schooners are drawn up three deep, there is a continuous bustle. There is an incessant sound of hammering, the ringing of iron upon iron, the shrill roar of many voices; there are men painting the hulls, repairing the dories, reshipping the masts; men slung in the rigging, men clattering in *sabots* from vessel to vessel, the thump of falling boxes, the creak of innumerable cranes. There is a noisy engine snorting as it drags a row of trucks along the quay: wagons come up drawn by long lines of horses; the piles of boxes, barrels, bundles waiting to be taken on board grow steadily bigger. And here and there, in the midst of the confusion, peaceably at home, a little dog is coiled upon its mat, a cat licks itself imperturbably. They, too, are going "out there."

A grey-haired sailor with a cigarette behind his ear finds a moment's time to talk. "We start late," he says, with a nod to the nearest brig; "but we shall be out as soon as any, the *Enfant de Marie* sails fast. Yes, the last season was a good one. There were few storms; but I lost my two sons. They went away in a dory and—they did not come back. They were good lads." They did not come back. That is the requiem, the epitaph of so many among them. Their dories pass into the fog, their *goëlettes* go down in the storms; perhaps there is word sent home, or perhaps, in the autumn, the women wait daily for their *gars*, and they do not come back.

The grey-haired sailor has a story to tell of the Terreneuvas and the dock.

One of them had left at home, at St. Malo, a wife and a little daughter.

under the protection of the good Virgin who watches over those who must stay behind. And before he started, he promised his little daughter that he would bring her, when he came home, a great doll with blue eyes and yellow curls like the English children she saw in summer. And lest he should forget his promise, he bought the doll as soon as he reached St. Pierre et Miquelon, and laid it in the top of his long black box, along with the little plaster Virgin. But one day he too went away in his dory, and did not come back; and when the boats returned in late autumn, there was only the long black box for his wife who waited for her *gars*.

It was Christmas Eve, they say, and the little daughter woke up in the darkness. Her mother was asleep; the box had come home only that night and she had spent herself in tears; she did not wake when the child got up and scrambled towards the thing that stood in the corner. It had not been there when she went to sleep, but surely, surely she had seen it before. The lid was open, and in the top, beside the little plaster Virgin, lay a great doll with blue eyes and yellow curls like the English children that came in summer. "Papa, papa," she cried. "Papa, where are you? You have come home, since you have brought my doll." The mother was spent with tears and slept; the child wandered out into the night with the doll in her arms, calling always, "Papa, papa!" And in front of her she saw the masts of the goëlettes, and the gleam of the water, and she went on, on, calling always "Papa, papa!" The bells of the churches rang out the Christmas chimes, and at home the weary mother still slept. But in the morning a little figure floated in the dock, a little figure that clasped its arms about a great doll with blue eyes and yellow hair like the English children that come in the summer.

Day by day, once March has come, the goëlettes slip out upon the tide; the quay grows clearer, while in the bay the schooners lie at anchor, to take on board their men and finally to

set sail. It is fine favorable weather, the sea freshly purple under a clear young sun; the boats lift in the water as if in haste to be off. And day by day the men come in from the country with their bedding and their long black boxes, with much noise but less sobriety; they stagger down from the town, full of laughter and liquor, playing their concertinas, shouting, singing; and the *gendarmes* go from wineshop to café to seek out the laggards, who at the last would so fain stay at home. While all the time, on the quays of St. Malo, the fair goes on, feverishly gay, because there are still Terreneuvas at home with money to spend, and the Terreneuvas must laugh, or else—

Towards the end of March a couple of big steamers come into the bay, and pass with the first tide into the outer basin, where they make fast to the quays. They will start at once for the Banks, with all who are bound for St. Pierre et Miquelon; between them they have to take out some three thousand men. There is a constantly increasing bustle about them; the black boxes are taken on board by hundreds, the bedding lies upon the quay in many-colored heaps. They start to-day with the evening tide, and St. Malo turns itself bodily outside its walls to see them off.

Round the steamers and along the quay there is a huge unceasing noise and movement. The organs of the *carrousels* thunder; every booth has its trumpet, cymbals, or drum; there is an indescribable merriment which is yet not gay. Sweetmeats are flung, serpents are thrown; there are men pushing through the press, selling pencils, notebooks, toys, cakes, chaplets. Near the steamers a lane is kept open with difficulty through the dense mass of people, and the men who are embarking pass along it. The *gars* turns with a last kiss and embrace to the men who have come with him so far—he has left his women on the outskirts—and then passes on, with a struggle, to the gangway; he is flushed and noisy and perchance has a bulging pocket. The *douaniers* stop him and

search him rapidly; a bottle appears and is tossed over the side, where it strikes against the quay with a crash of breaking glass. The crowd breaks into a shrill appreciative shout of laughter, and the *gars* is on board, flushed still, but a little shamefaced and less triumphant. At least he, and the others, will presently be sober; and the steamer will not be for the whole of her voyage, as sometimes happened in former years, no better than an insufficient cage for some two thousand drunken fishermen.

Now it is time and the noise grows deafening; the steam-whistles roar plaintively a call to the laggards; the crowd grows denser, late-comers fight their way through it, and friends yell loud messages to those already on board. The last boxes are dumped into the hold, the last bedding flung over the side; the good abbé who goes yearly with his men to share their dangers, and comfort and nurse them when he may, lifts his hat and waves it, as he stands, a tall black figure, upon the bridge; a last roar from the whistles, a last shout from the crowd, and the vessel swings out slowly with a strip of water widening between her and the quay.

Then there is a race to the breakwater, where the women are crowded already, to watch the steamers rounding out into the bay. They pass so close that one can see the faces of the men clustered upon the decks, upon the bulwarks, upon the rigging; one can see, presently, the abbé lift his hat again and wave it. And then three thousand voices begin to sing the hymn of the Terreneuvas, the *Ave Maris Stella*, and as they pass on slowly into the open, it floats back like a farewell—*Felix celi porta*.

The women on the breakwater go home quietly; there is time enough for tears. And St. Malo goes home too, and Notre Dame de la Grand Porte looks down continually on all who pass beneath. The dock is empty and the quay silent; the water runs like an empty lane to the church among the trees at the far end. The villages

of the Clos-Poulet are silent too, and the goodwife puts back the great chair in the corner, to stay there till the autumn, when, please God and the good Virgin, the *gars* will come home to sit in it again.

And outside now the sky is blue, and the hedgerows purple with the sap rising in the twigs; there are primroses yellowing the banks. It is spring, and the Terreneuvas are away.

May has come, and it is the day of the Confirmation. St. Malo is gay with white and blue banners; the sun shines with the peculiar radiance which it keeps here for holidays, and the streets are so clean that they will not soil the whitest slippers of all the white-clad girls. Down the steps into the church they troop, white from head to foot, in a long procession; they sit in the nave, where the light from the window of the Mary Chapel falls and touches them with flecks of red and blue or gold. In the dark arches of the church all the lights are lit, and there are circles and crowns and pyramids of twinkling candles; the great altar is ablaze with them, and everywhere there is a network of lights starred against the gloom. And on his throne in the chancel, beneath a purple canopy, sits the cardinal archbishop.

In the nave where the light from the window of the Mary Chapel falls, the girls sit, a close mass of white, flecked with blue and crimson; and on the other side the boys, with white scarves knotted about their arms. Among the boys there are men, grey-haired and weather-worn, their faces bronzed and their eyes vague with the long-sightedness of the sea. Year after year, each time that the cardinal archbishop has come to St. Malo, they have been away, "out there," in the goëlettes; year after year, since, as little lads, they first went to the fishings. It is so long ago that they can scarcely remember. Now the time has come when they must stay behind and let the goëlettes sail without them, for they have grown old and earned their idleness. And so, though it is May, they are at home,

here among the white young girls and the round-faced boys, and they look sometimes to where in the Mary Chapel a ship hangs, and in the movement of the air lifts and dips as if she felt the water splashing round her sides; they look at it, and at the figure beyond that holds out her hands as if in greeting. These are the Terreneuvas who have come home.

Summer is past, and St. Malo is preparing for winter; but the sunshine lies hot on her ramparts and her quays, and the leaves on the trees have not yet lost all their green. Again the town is gaily dressed; the streets are bright with banners and streamers, and the bells in the single pointing spire ring out merrily. It is the Feast of the Rosary. Slowly down from the church the long procession winds, passing the Grande Porte which is splendid with a blaze of candles in the niche above the gate, where the figure stands with the Child in her arms, looking down eternally; and as one glances up at her, almost one sees her full lids quiver, and her narrow mouth lift itself into a smile. Slowly the procession passes on to the quay outside the walls, slowly, for it is long and the children who walk in it are young, and the priests and sisters who guide them are few among so many.

There are girls in white, tiny children crowned with flowers, elder ones in long enveloping veils; group after group, they carry embroidered banners and emblems of the creed, the Pater-noster, the Ave Maria. There are glittering statuettes, the lilies of the Annunciation, the cradle of the Nativity; group after group with countless banners, an endless line of children, of girls in white and boys in red; and then a huge rosary of moss and flowers carried shoulder high by tall white-veiled figures. And just before the curé and the choir, a knot of tiny boys dressed as sailors in white and blue, carrying a dainty ship, the Star of the Sea.

Slowly the procession moves on till it reaches an altar built up against the ramparts, a mass of rocks, a boat

dashing up against them, the foot draped with long grass like seaweed; and on the rock the Virgin standing with hands outstretched as if in greeting. The boat is filled with tiny boys, dressed like the others in white and blue as sailors; and as the crowd presses up and the procession passes along slowly, the boys in the boat kneel and, lifting their hands towards the Virgin, they begin to sing: *Ave Maris Stella, Dei Mater Alma!*

The sun shines brilliantly on the white veils of the girls, on the banners, the statuettes, on the tall crucifix; it shines on the upturned faces of the crowd, on the rocks and the boat, on the white Virgin and the little children that kneel and sing to her. And beyond, it shines on the sea, so blue today, so infinitely calm.

There was a schooner came home lately bringing with it some men from a goëlette wrecked in a storm off the Banks. They had been picked up half-dead floating on spars; and they said that in the storm, themselves beyond hope, they had seen another boat sink near them. She had gone down with her crew kneeling on her deck and singing, "Ave, Maris Stella! Hail, Star of the Sea!" The name of her was not known. Only she was lost, she and her crew that sang as these children were singing now; and who, perhaps long ago, when they were little lads, had themselves been chosen to sing and kneel in the boat dashing upon the mimic rocks at the Feast of the Rosary. She was lost, she and her crew. These are the Terreneuvas who do not come home.

From The Fortnightly Review.
AN EDUCATIONAL INTERLUDE.
BY MRS. FREDERIC HARRISON.

"Il faut savoir douter où il faut, assurer où il faut, et se soumettre où il faut!"—PASCAL.

"Professor, professor," cried Lady Maria, waving her stick at a tall, spectacled man who, with head bent and arms folded behind him, was

sauntering at a little distance from her chair. Lady Maria was taking the waters as usual this summer at a German Spa; and, inspired by her afternoon tumbler, it was her wont to gather her friends round her in some retired spot in the public gardens as far from the band as possible, that she might chat undisturbed.

"At your service, milady," said the professor, lifting his hat and coming towards her.

"Come and sit here," said her ladyship. "We are on a most important question. Here is my poor friend, Mrs. Maskelyne, with a daughter to educate—how I thank Heavens my daughters were all educated long ago!—and I have told her that if she wants a little common sense she must come to you."

The professor gravely bowed.

"Indeed, it will be very kind of you if you will advise me," said Mrs. Maskelyne, with a slight air, however, of annoyance. "My daughter has hitherto had the usual education of young English girls; she has been to an excellent high school, but as she is now seventeen, I am naturally thinking of the next step to be taken. One commonly associates college with the higher education, you know, in England."

"Pardon me," interrupted the professor, wrinkling his brows and leaning forward as he spoke. "The higher education, I think you said; of course, that is only a convenient expression, but in a matter of such importance, forgive me if I urge the use of the most correct terms. Education means growth—development. It begins in the cradle—ends—how can we tell where it ends?" and the professor lifted his eyes dreamily. "There can be, therefore, no question of higher or lower."

"I told you you would hear a little common sense," said Lady Maria, tapping her stick with enjoyment on the ground.

"I accept the correction," said Mrs. Maskelyne demurely, "but higher education is a most convenient term for describing the training in classical literature, in history, philosophy, and

mathematics, that is given to young men and women in colleges."

"Education is one," almost shouted the professor. "If you are to have a higher or a lower, perhaps the higher education is that which is given to very young children. The learning to speak and write one's mother tongue—the birth of all generous emotions, of the love of history, of art. These are all important things in education. We teachers have a commonplace, that any instructed imbecile can teach young men and women, but that it requires a really gifted teacher to train the very young."

"My dear professor!" remonstrated Lady Maria; "now if I had said that no one would have been surprised, but that you, with your judicial mind—"

"My mind, in this matter, is not at all judicial," interrupted the professor. "I feel rather like a new Peter the Hermit, preaching a new crusade to a blind and deaf generation!"

"A crusade! against whom or what?" inquired Mrs. Maskelyne coldly.

"A crusade against the sacrifice of our youth to the modern Juggernaut. The sacrifice of education in any sense to examination. I am a schoolmaster, and I know that I speak for the most thoughtful men of my profession when I say that we can no longer think of how we may best train our scholars, but find ourselves compelled to force down their throats certain condiments—I cannot call them foods—to enable them to pass the necessary examinations. It is very like the stuffing of geese for the production of the pâté de foie gras." And the professor snorted and puffed into the air with emotion. "I do not speak of women's education," he continued more mildly. "I have but a limited experience in teaching girls; fortunately as yet women have a free hand in the teaching of women."

"Yes," said Mrs. Maskelyne triumphantly; "everything has yet to be done for women's education; but we in England at least have made a good beginning and we are not without a reasonable confidence that shortly schools, examinations, and degrees will

be shared equally between men and women."

"Girls at Eton and Harrow, my dear!" cried Lady Maria.

"I see no reason why there should not be houses for girls at Eton and Harrow as there are colleges for women at the universities," retorted Mrs. Maskelyne.

"But are you entirely satisfied with your great schools?" inquired the professor. "I read with much interest the other day the report of an address by one of your greatest living authorities on education, a man who has had vast practical experience, and has himself been a most successful schoolmaster. He said that he looked to the revival of the private school, and believed that his rivalry would react most beneficially on the older establishments. This was surely an important admission for an ex-headmaster and a bishop to make."

"It was," said Mrs. Maskelyne; "but some of our ablest women have no doubt that, for the present at least, the important matter is to train girls on the same old-established lines as boys."

"I suppose you have heard the story of the English boy at one of your great schools," said the professor, "who had been working for a term on a book of the *Aeneid*, annotated by Mr. Sidgwick. The headmaster, coming in one day, asked him who wrote the *Aeneid*? 'Mr. Sidgwick, sir,' was the reply; and although the question was repeated in another way, the answer came as before. We have a great respect in Germany for the clan Sidgwick, but Ach!" and the professor rocked himself to and fro with enjoyment. "Truly, I do not think any lad could have so discredited himself under our system. The pupil should be made to feel that it is a privilege to tread upon the sacred ground of the great poets."

"That reminds me," said Lady Maria, "of a very rough, ignorant girl I once taught. She insisted that she 'loathed all printed matter,' but she liked to be 'at Shakespeare,' and on her Shakespeare she learned to read. Well! I am an old woman, and I never suffered

under your higher or your lower education. All I know is that there were a great many clever women in my young days, quite as many I think, my dear, as there are now," and the old lady nodded at her friend. "Some of them were learned too as well as clever; witness that delightful book, 'Three Generations of English-women!' There was a good deal to be said for the freedom that we enjoyed of old."

"I thought you were one of us?" said Mrs. Maskelyne in a mortified tone. "Of course there have always been clever women; who doubts it? But it is so easy to carp at our efforts. The discouragement comes too from those who have never lifted a finger for women's education."

"Tut, tut, my dear," said Lady Maria. "You know very well that I try my hardest to sympathize. I, too, have worked for women's education: the right sort of mother spends most of her time in teaching, and even now I assure you I am teaching, or trying to teach young women all day long," and Lady Maria gave a little shrug.

"You have undoubtedly set on foot a great movement, madame," said the professor, "but you have also incurred a vast responsibility."

"Tell us," said Lady Maria, "what your own experience of teaching girls has been, professor."

"It has not been a large experience," answered he. "To tell the truth, I am interested in education, and I did not particularly care to teach girls who avowedly 'took up' certain subjects, and as often as not laid them down again, as far as I could see. That I admit was the fault of the situation rather than of the pupils; but it did not suit my method of teaching. Women are such clever creatures!" he ejaculated, "so eager and enthusiastic, such fine *Plastik*, that they make excellent pupils. Their fault is that they are too quick, too receptive—how shall I say?—too personal. They seem to need the direct stimulus of the teacher; when that is removed, independent work is too often laid aside. I feel sure girls

work to please their teacher in a way boys never do."

"Then you do not advocate the teaching of girls and boys together?" asked Lady Maria.

"Certainly not," replied the professor. "A wise teacher would, I am convinced, use entirely different methods with each. Girls cleverize themselves very quickly, they catch up the teacher's likes and dislikes, his tone of mind, nay, his very tricks of expression, and reproduce it all very neatly and carefully written down. The question is to discover if there has been real assimilation. The boys are slower, more ungracious, apparently duller, but they get a more original grasp of the subject matter."

"We have had conclusive proofs in late years," said Mrs. Maskelyne, "that women can be fellow students with men and beat them at their own work."

"That did not surprise me," said the professor. "I was endeavoring only to show that the average girl needed a different method of teaching from the average boy. The élite can take care of themselves. In the ideal state, as I conceive it, the standard for men and women should be the same, the teachers should be the same to ensure the standard, but the details and methods of teaching should be different."

"Then you are not a reactionary after all," said Mrs. Maskelyne naïvely.

"I trow not," laughed the professor. "Perhaps I am a greater revolutionary than you are yourself. It is surely a poor ambition to prove that a clever woman can do the work of a clever man, and sometimes do it better than he. Rather the ambition should be, as I take it, to find out what is a good education, and when you are resolved upon the nature and scope of your education, and have educated your educators, to apply the system to the teaching of your girls. I ask myself if your women will be strong enough and bold enough to strike out a course of their own. It requires courage and discretion, but you have a freer hand than men. You are unfettered by ancient establishments and endowments; you are not weighted

with a traditional theory about the 'education of a gentleman.'"

The professor here lifted his hat to wipe his brow.

"Ah!" said Lady Maria gravely, "that is where the real difficulty lies. The stress of life is so great that parents begin to be suspicious of any education which does not lead directly to some practical advantage."

"Even so," said the professor; "but is that any reason why the guardians of education should acquiesce? The child in a board school is given over to the teacher for a certain time, until certain definite results have been attained, and no other call is allowed to interfere. Presumably this is done for the good of the pupil as a human being; practical life and practical teachers have hold of him afterwards. You would hardly believe how much education is warped in your great schools to-day by the pressure of outside requirements, nor how infinitely difficult the task of the teacher is rendered thereby. Why should you, however, subject your girls to the examination mania? Why should you not inaugurate for them a wiser system? Some of us had hoped great things from this new life which had grown up beside the old—we thought to learn of you."

"That is an interesting chapter in Bourget's book of 'Outre-Mer,' on education in American schools," said Lady Maria. "From his account it would seem that the utilitarian point of view dominates, with the result of no little loss to the character and imagination. But, as you know, professor, I am against all education; and I fondly hoped you were on my side."

"To have known you is a liberal education, milady," smiled the professor. But Mrs. Maskelyne broke in:

"My dear friends, do let us be practical. We must have some form of examination; we must have women teachers, we must have tests of their efficiency. Our difficulty has been to get them admitted to the privileges of examination. Even now they suffer under considerable disabilities. We are having at this moment a great strug-

gle to get for them the simple justice of the B.A. degree at Oxford, when they have passed examinations harder than the men's, and satisfied the examiners. This inflicts a direct professional loss upon our women teachers."

"They have the certificates, and I should not have thought the letters mattered very much," growled the professor. "But you ladies have such light hearts!" he continued. "Are you not fearful of meddling with your venerable universities sacred in the eyes of Europe? Do you think you can with safety pour this new wine into the old bottles? Why not leave the universities to work out their own reforms, and accommodate themselves as they may to the *Zeit Geist*? And for women, why not give them a degree of their own? It should mean more than the men's degree. Why swallow the university system whole? I grieve to think that your women students should fall into the old educational ruts from which some of us are trying to lift men."

Mrs. Maskelyne fell back in her chair, and was heard to murmur something about prestige—time-honored tradition—enormous difficulty. "Just so, my dear lady," continued the professor in a somewhat milder tone. "But you are pioneers and your responsibility is great, for your action to-day will pledge generations to come. You must remember that in education we must judge of the merits of the system by its influence upon the mass, upon the average pupil, and in all that we seek to achieve we must legislate for him."

"What would be your criticism upon English education as practised to-day?" asked Lady Maria.

"From certain points of view of character, I should say good—strong," answered the professor emphatically. "If I am to criticise, I should add that it leaves the average student absolutely without interests. He does not read books, he hardly reads the newspaper save in well-spiced paragraphs; he does not care about art; he knows nothing of science; he has inherited certain prejudices that he calls—politics; he is

indifferent for the most part to things social and religious; he has a lofty scorn of the foreigner. But I admit withal that he is a dominant creature, and makes his weight felt wherever he goes. It has been happy for your country folk that your women hitherto have not been passed under the same harrow as your men."

Lady Maria laughed. "You feel with Matthew Arnold," said she, "that the world would be a dull place if it were made up of Englishmen!"

Mrs. Maskelyne moved impatiently. "I am a practical person," she said. "I have listened with much interest to the professor's views, but I should like to hear what is his ideal of a woman's education."

"That is a serious question," replied he, "but I admit that I am rightly served, and will try for an answer. First let me clear the ground. Girl students have to be taught what is the meaning, the end of education. They must learn to give up that favorite phrase of theirs—a vile phrase truly—of 'taking up' subjects, history, philosophy, difficult social work or what not. That is fit only for the amateur. Women, and men, too, have to learn that they must get a sound education before they can with safety instruct or improve the world. We should, for example, require of our social workers that they had some knowledge of history and of their special subject to keep them from blundering."

"Here comes my daughter Clara," cried Mrs. Maskelyne, getting up to greet a tall girl who, with a book under her arm, was seen at a little distance from the group. "I am so glad that you have come, my dear," said she. "You are just in time to hear Professor M.'s views on an ideal education for women."

The professor brought another chair, bowed, and ran his long fingers through his hair. "Well then," he continued, "when you have cleared the ground, and driven out amateurishness in every form and shape, you begin to teach. English women have always acquired some knowledge of foreign languages,

I take it you would not wish to break with that excellent tradition. Your women have kept alive what sympathy there was in your country for the unfortunate foreigner; the study of the Italian language would at one time have dropped out of your English education had it not been for women. I do not think it would be too much to ask for a knowledge of three foreign languages, let us say a thorough knowledge of one language, and the power to read and speak a little in the other two. Such familiarity should be easily acquired, and ought not to engross long years of work."

"There I entirely agree with you," said Lady Maria; "but here is Mrs. Maskelyne, who looks as if she thought the learning of three languages a waste of time."

"I thought I was very forebearing not to make it four," grimly answered the professor. "I should have liked to add the power of reading *Don Quixote* in the original to Dante, Goëthe, and Molière. But then comes the question of art. We have happily got rid of a good deal of amateur trifling there. What we need is some training in the history of art, with the power to enjoy, to take intelligent delight in the world's great masterpieces. It may be well to practise some art sufficiently to realize the difficulty of attaining any real excellence. In music much can be done that is really worth doing. What has become in England of your madrigal and glee societies, for which, in the old days, your country was so justly famous? It is time, surely, that you forgot your revolutions and reformations sufficiently to become vocal again. Our *Gesangvereins* are a great source of delight and instruction to our people. With your fine material you ought to have a choral society in every village, and your women of leisure might do much to help."

Clara was here heard to whisper to her mother that that sort of thing would "never pay."

"Not pay!" fiercely retorted the professor. "Pray, what good work is ever paid? I suppose you mean that you

would not get marks for it in an examination paper. Let me assure you, gnädiges fraulein, that the best and most precious things in life are those for which there are no marks and no certificates. Women have hitherto kept that truth before the world," he continued sadly; "it will be an ill day for us all when you too forget it."

"Pray is that expression of 'not paying' a bit of high school slang, my dear?" said Lady Maria, looking inquiringly at the young girl through her glasses.

"I really don't know," replied Clara, somewhat abashed. "I feel that it is an ugly phrase, but one hears it so often that one comes to use it one's self without thinking."

"The phrase is good—excellent," said the professor, "for it exactly expresses an ugly fact that underlies our modern education. I would have you say it to yourself, my dear young lady, every time you are in doubt whether your motives for your work are pure."

"But what of our ideal education?" interposed Mrs. Maskelyne.

"Let me first enter a plea for some training in practical matters," said Lady Maria. "Dexterity of hand and quickness of eye have to be acquired for household purposes quite as much as for lawn tennis or golf. I went to pay a wedding visit," she continued, "some years since, to a young friend of mine who worked in a factory in a northern town. I was horrified when the door opened to see the young husband stretched flat upon the ground with arms extended upon what looked to be a white sheet. I darted forward to give help if necessary, but the wife came to greet me with a reassuring smile and a pair of scissors in her hand, and explained that as Jim wanted some new shirts, she was cutting them out by him! Sunday morning, as it was, I spent an hour showing her a better way. It is to be feared that many of our cultivated girls to-day would be as much puzzled as my factory friend with such a task."

"My daughter is at school with a number of English girls," said the pro-

fessor, "and she tells me that as they are wholly unable to do the compulsory sewings and mendings required by the school regulations, they pay the German and French girls, but especially the Germans, to do the work for them. Certainly sewing, cooking, household economy, and some training in the laws of health and in sick nursing should form a part of every girl's education."

"Was it not George Sand who said that 'the needle made all women kin?'" said Lady Maria, with a look at Mrs. Maskelyne. "In the times certainly before us of smaller incomes and simpler lives, I am almost tempted to say with Clara that this knowledge will 'pay.'"

"These subjects are already compulsory in most of the public examinations for women on the Continent," said the professor. "I see, however, that Mrs. Maskelyne grows impatient with us. We have already on our programme some knowledge of household matters, a knowledge of three or four foreign languages, some training in the history of art, and a practical acquaintance with some one or other of the arts. We have before us the graver subjects of history, a knowledge of Latin or Greek—or possibly of both languages—and a sound scientific training, beginning with mathematics."

"You ask the impossible!" cried Mrs. Maskelyne, "there is no man living who has such a mental equipment—certainly no woman!"

"George Eliot had such an education," answered the professor; "and I think you will find that there are women a few, and more men, who have won for themselves this discipline, though I am bound to say it will have been probably in defiance of schools and colleges rather than with their aid. Is it not a most remarkable fact that science, which would seem to be the dominant force of our age, is practically ignored and set aside in the training of our young men and women?"

"You are a terrible man, professor!" cried Lady Maria, "and you make me thankful that I lived before your time. But what of the teaching of history?"

"You have distinguished historians in your country, at whose feet it becomes me to sit. As a humble teacher I should say, print the words of your great Freeman in golden letters over every class-room: 'The Unity of History'—and avoid over-specialization. We ought to be learning history from the time that we can speak, and continue to learn all our lives. What history are you at work upon now, may I ask?" said he, suddenly turning to Clara.

"The rise and formation of Guilds," she replied, not without a note of inward satisfaction.

"And have you read your Herodotus and Thucydides?" he inquired gently.

"No," said Clara. "We have been advised that the time is none too long before the next examination for the subject in hand; and my class never happens to have taken up Greek history."

The professor groaned and pulled his long fingers till the joints cracked audibly. "I think," said he at last, "that some day you will find that you have begun at the wrong end, though doubtless your subject is an interesting one, if you are prepared to grasp it, and you will learn lessons of accuracy by the way."

There was silence for a while; Mrs. Maskelyne shrugged her shoulders, while Clara stared at the professor in undisguised bewilderment. "I beg of you forgiveness," said he at length. "It is not well to criticise the teacher to his pupil."

"Make no apologies, professor," cried Lady Maria. "We all know you are an enthusiast! Tell us rather how you would interest very little children in history."

"When our young mothers are historians they will naturally tell their children tales of heroes and heroines, and the wonderful stories of the olden time. Is not the story of Jeanne d'Arc as soul-stirring as that of Robinson Crusoe, and the last stand of the Greeks in the Pass at Thermopylae as the most thrilling chapter in a modern story-book? It is a matter of quite ordinary experience that little children have

often a very considerable knowledge of the Old Testament story. Extend that knowledge in the same way by oral teaching, pictures, and suitable books, and our schoolboys and girls will not have to be taught at school who it was wrote the *Aeneid!* We need good books for children," continued the professor.

"The books of my youth were perhaps priggish and overstrained, but they had the great merit of being suggestive. I wonder if any children nowadays read those old-fashioned little square history books of Peter Parley which delighted us?—but the gnädiges fraulein smiles, and I would not have her imagine that I make myself responsible for the venerable seaman's spirit of accuracy and research."

"I think, professor," ventured Clara timidly, "that you find a place for Latin and Greek in your education."

"Surely," answered he; "I see no other road by which the same kind of accuracy can be attained, putting aside all the joy and satisfaction that it gives to be able to read the great books of the world in the originals. But to spend long years of life, and never to attain either the habit of accuracy or the power to read—that is indeed failure. Spare that at any cost to your girl students. I am convinced, however, that the study of the classics is begun too soon, with the result of lamentable waste of time, and at the risk of utter disgust to the pupil. I remember that I was so young a child when I was put into the Latin grammar that I made to myself mental pictures of the difficult abstract terms. I remember, for instance, that the *ablative absolute* took shape to me as a huge and terrible dragon bent on devouring me; he certainly compassed my destruction most of the days of my life. I am persuaded that we begin with our classical languages too early. It would be impossible to make a set rule, but I should think the age of fourteen would be a reasonable limit; it must, however, depend upon the progress made in other directions by the pupil, and this is a moral quite as much as an intellectual question."

"You ask a great deal," sighed Mrs. Maskelyne, "though I will not say I am in disagreement with you—in theory at least. But we are waiting anxiously to hear what you have to say about the teaching of science. That also I conclude would commence about the age of fourteen."

"Yes, and no, is my answer to that," said the professor. "Our science training should begin from our earliest years. Some knowledge of the history of the animal world about us, some knowledge of plants and flowers, and of what we Germans call *Erdkunde*, all children might acquire in their early years. Even the occasional visit to the kitchen might furnish material for excellent lessons. More valuable perhaps than the actual knowledge thus gained would be the alertness of mind, the quickness of sight to read in the great book of nature. We are at no loss here for admirable text-books to help the teacher; these, however, should never fall into the child's hands in the guise of lessons to be got by rote. But let me quote to you some words of a countryman of your own, an eminent man of science and educationalist. Hear what he said: 'Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways, and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws.' If Professor Huxley was right in this definition, it follows that a considerable part of education should consist in acquiring a knowledge of those laws. 'We must know in order to act rightly.' We already teach much that is useful in arithmetic and simple geometry before the age of fourteen, the attempt to give an encyclopedic and solid course of teaching in science is a more arduous undertaking. So far as I know it has never yet been attempted in a scheme of general education. We have many blunders to make even when our scientific authorities are agreed how and what to teach. I would make a modest suggestion that, as an 'over-

ture,' an introduction to a really satisfactory scientific training, the history of science, coupled with a thorough understanding of the principal scientific discoveries and scientific instruments, would be a beginning, and would do much to stimulate observation and interest in the natural world. It would teach our pupils that all knowledge is not to be found in books, and give them an understanding of the nature of scientific proof. It would also help our young democrats of both sexes to an earlier apprehension than they could attain by the painful process of experience, of the reign of law, to which the wisest as well as the feeblest must submit. Science is the great teacher of resignation, as it is the inspirer of true courage. But, alas! I am no trained scientist, nor am I a democrat, to believe that the ignorant can wisely appoint the teacher. Enough, if we see our need, we have to prepare for the man and the hour."

"Our educational life is not long enough for what you ask," said Mrs. Maskelyne.

"We may hope to effect much saving on the long years at present given to Latin and Greek," said the professor. "I grant that for women my scheme requires more time. But why should girls give up work at eighteen? they thus lose the most precious years of the student's life. If we had those three years, and could economize time in childhood, and improve our methods of teaching, the scheme is not over-weighted as I believe."

"But are you not cutting at the very root of the great boarding-schools?" cried Lady Maria.

"Perhaps I am," replied the professor: "but you will remember it was not for boys we were trying to legislate, but for young girls; and I have merely tried to sketch a scheme of education which a woman's degree might cover. Such a course presupposes competent home training and co-operation. My principal quarrel with the public schools is that they have done much to weaken the sense of responsibility in the parent, and that they have practically de-

stroyed home-teaching. But that is a large subject, and I have talked too long. Hark! they are playing the 'Ride of the Walkyries' shall we not come closer to the music and listen?"

From The Cornhill Magazine.
LIFE IN A FAMILISTÈRE.

There is something peculiarly aggressive about the ugliness of the Familištère at Laeken; whoever designed it had evidently a grudge against his kind. It is a huge quadrangular building, which might pass for a factory, or a prison, were it not for its color—a red the very thought of which makes one's eyes ache. Nor is there even a touch of green, a few creepers, or a tree, to relieve its glare; for the great churchyard is covered with asphalt and has a brick wall around it. There is, it is true, a beautiful lawn well within sight, for the royal palace is only a good stone's throw away. When, as often happens, the "Marseillaise" is played at the Familištère, every note can be heard quite distinctly in King Leopold's state dining-room. In spite of its aesthetic defects, however, this Laeken institution is a very interesting place, for in it a curious experiment is being tried. Some sixty families live there together, and form one of those co-operative households of which we hear so much in this our day. It is organized on the same lines as the great Familištère at Guise, and may be regarded as a fair specimen of these institutions—*institutions in which, if certain prophets are to be relied upon, we shall all have to live some day.* Thus the conditions of life in force there have a somewhat personal interest for each one of us.

The members of the Laeken Familištère certainly enjoy many privileges. Their house is thoroughly well built, the apartments are large, with plenty of air and light, and the hygienic arrangements are simply perfect. There are beautiful bath-rooms with an unstinted supply of hot and cold water

for all who care to use them, and a common laundry which is provided with many cunning devices for washing clothes with the least possible amount of trouble. The corridors, stairs, and all parts of the house that are common property, are kept in order by the Committee of Management; thus the inmates have only their private rooms to attend to, and everything that can be done is done to help them to keep even these clean. These people have all the necessities of life at their very door, too, for attached to the Familistère are stores in which food and raiment—everything, in fact, one ought to desire—are to be bought, and at some twenty-five per cent. under market prices. If they wish to see a doctor, all they have to do is to drop a card into a little box that hangs before their door. Two doctors—rivals, not partners—visit the institution every day, and deal out advice, medicine, and sympathy to all who care to have them. Then the residents can insure against illness and death upon specially advantageous terms, and can make a provision for their old age more easily than other men. Such of them as have a taste for gardening have land allotted to them within a few minutes' walk of their homes.

Mothers of families owe quite a special debt of gratitude to those responsible for the arrangements of the Familistère, for there is neither bound nor limit to the trouble that is taken to lighten the burdens they bear. Not only do the Committee of Management help them in their housework at every turn, save them their trudge to the market, and provide them with doctors to whom, in season and out of season, they can appeal for advice, but they relieve them virtually of all care with regard to their children. The Familistère has its own crèche, where babies may be deposited almost as soon as they are born; it has, too, schools of all grades, from those for infants to those for boys and girls of fourteen. Here, if the children must submit to more than their fair share of lecturing on civic duties and such like things, they

have their compensations; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that their parents have them in their stead. For instance, the quadrangle around which the house is built has been covered in with glass for their benefit, and into this place they can be turned out to play no matter how much rain may be falling. Thus their mothers need never have them in their rooms, unless they wish it, excepting to eat and to sleep.

Nor is it only with regard to the comforts they enjoy that the inmates of the Familistère are highly favored individuals; financially they have many advantages over their fellows. The rent they pay for their rooms is less by at least one-third than that they would have to give for similar accommodation in the outside world. Their gardens cost them only two francs for every one hundred and twenty square yards of land they have; and their daily consultation with their doctor some six francs each more. For all the conveniences of their home—for their bathrooms, laundry, stores, etc.—they do not pay a single sou. The schools, too, and the crèche are entirely free, and this although in Belgium the State charges fees for the education it gives. The economic arrangements of the Familistère are, in fact, quite a marvel in their way; those who live there receive so much and pay so little, and yet the place is entirely self-supporting. Well may the men who organized the institution be proud of their work; by their co-operation scheme the saving effected in the cost of living is enormous.

As we wander about the place and note the signs of general prosperity, the cleanliness and order that prevail there, we begin to lose our dread of the coming of that day when, *nolens volens*, we too must take up our abode in some such institution. Why, if the arrangement in force there could but become general, we should obtain such good value for our money that we should all be twice as wealthy as we are now. Twice as wealthy, yes, but—life in a Familistère has its disadvantages.

When any one applies for admission to the Laeken Institution a copy of the "Règles, Conseils et Mesures d'Ordre domestique du Familistère" is presented to him; and, should his petition be granted, he is required thenceforth to order his life according to the rules laid down therein. This little book is of interest if for nothing but the insight it gives us into life in a co-operative household. The directors of the institution inform us that their "règles de conduite n'ont, du reste, rien que de très utile à la personne même qui les met en pratique; c'est en toute chose les premiers devoirs et les premiers égards que des gens bien élevés se doivent à eux-mêmes et doivent aux autres." And this is the simple truth; there is not a single rule given to which any properly constituted mind could possibly take exception. But then, unfortunately, properly constituted minds are in a minority in this world.

The document begins by setting forth the duties one owes to one's self; because "bien se conduire envers soi-même est la première préparation à bien se conduire envers les autres." "Every resident in the Familistère ought to have a sense of his own personal dignity." This first enunciation would probably be allowed to pass without cavilling, even by the captious, were it not for a certain corollary attached to it, which seems to imply that we had better make a holocaust of dressing-gowns, slippers, etc., before we set out for the Familistère. A man must give proof of his dignity, we are told, "par la bonne tenue de sa personne et le soin de ses vêtements." The second injunction is certainly harder than the first. "Every member of the association must be animated by a love of order *en tout et partout*." As for the third, it savors of a counsel of perfection. "Kindliness, politeness, and courtesy much characterize the manners of all the residents in the Familistère." After that it is but a small thing to be informed that, "in our conversation we must avoid all rough and coarse expressions, and make use only of such as are polished and kind." There is one

observation, however, which might possibly ruffle the temper of the unduly susceptible. Each of us "doit s'efforcer de réformer ses mauvaises habitudes de langage." Even on Sundays and holidays, it seems, in the new era, we shall not be allowed to take our ease and do what we like. Instructions are given that such days are to be devoted "à d'honnêtes distractions, à de raisonnables plaisirs, et à l'amélioration intellectuelle et morale de chacun."

If the inmates of the Laeken Familistère do not dwell together in unity, the fault certainly does not lie with those who have undertaken to arrange for them their lives. In this little book full directions are given as to how they are to behave to each other upon all occasions. In the first place, they are enjoined to cultivate feelings of mutual benevolence and respect. They must be always on the alert to render services to others; they are warned, though, that it would perhaps be well if they were also on the alert to prevent others from taking too much advantage of their good nature. They must regard it as a special duty to make the lives of their fellow tenants as comfortable and happy as possible; and for this reason they must never speak ill of them, or do anything to annoy them. Then follows a regulation which, as far as an outsider can judge, must certainly lead to embarrassing complications. Should one inmate see another doing what is wrong, he must straightway report the fact to the directors; because "voir le mal et ne pas chercher à l'empêcher, c'est commettre le mal à son tour." This is all very well, of course; still, it seems a little hard to be called upon to act as an amateur detective, even for the good of humanity.

Special instructions are given to fathers and mothers with regard to the way they must comport themselves. They are remanded that their great object in life is, or ought to be, to set a good example to their children. This they must do by "leur bonne tenue, leur mise propre et décente, leurs bonnes paroles, et leurs bonnes actions." As for the children themselves, rules

and regulations by the dozen are drawn up for them. They must not run up and down stairs, slide down bannisters, strike lights, run races, throw stones, rob birds' nests, walk on grass, shout, shriek, whistle, or do any single one of those things which by nature they are especially bent on doing. They are never to forget that "chacun ne doit se permettre que ce que les autres peuvent répéter sans nuire à l'ordre et à la tranquillité générale." In fact, the luckless little mites may curl themselves up in a corner, and go to sleep, and that is about all they may do. One injunction addressed to them is quite enough, even if it stood alone, to make every boy in the place the sworn enemy of the authorities. "Les garçons, dans leurs jeux, ne doivent jamais tourmenter les filles, dont généralement les habitudes sont douces et paisibles."

It is not, however, until we come to the regulations with regard to the way the common dwelling is to be treated that we realize to the full what living in a Familistère would mean. The peculiarity of this part of the book is that a high moral reason is assigned for every injunction it contains. For instance, we must keep our rooms clean, not because we hate dirt, but because "la propreté du logement est un devoir, car la malpropreté engendre de mauvaises odeurs et . . . des maladies dans la famille peuvent en être la conséquence. La maladie causée par la saleté est contagieuse; elle peut s'étendre aux voisins. La malpropreté est donc une mauvaise action, puisqu'elle nuit à nous-mêmes et aux autres." Washing and scrubbing being thus a moral duty, we are, of course, not left to our own devices in the doing of them; on the contrary, minute instructions are given to us upon these, as upon all other points. A significant hint is dropped that a clean window and door and nice white window curtains go a long way towards making the directors think that a room is in proper order. Not that they would have any scruple about walking inside to verify the fact, if the fancy took them. We are expressly told that we may, if we choose,

decorate our rooms with flowers. We may not, however, throw anything out of the window, not even a scrap of paper; for to do so would be to risk injuring our neighbor, into whose room it might fly. Nor is this by any means the only thing we may not do; prohibitions, indeed, seem to be very much the order of the day in the Familistère. We may not injure the paint, write on the walls, or kick the doors. We are forbidden to give shelter to a dog, cat, rabbit, or guinea pig; because, as we are loftily informed, "animals are not made to live in rooms." Besides, they might incommodate our neighbors.

The residents in the Familistère are expected to buy all they require at their own stores. There are, however, it seems, persons—women, of course—who, "sous l'empire de considérations individuelles ou de vues étroites tout-à-fait étrangères à l'œuvre d'association dont elles bénéficient, vont faire leurs achats au dehors!" So lacking are they in the sentiment of solidarity, which ought to unite the members of the association, that, when they find the stores have no material of the color they desire—only magenta, perhaps, whereas they have set their hearts on green—they go elsewhere for their dresses. This is, of course, high treason, and so they are told in no measured terms.

Applicants for admission to the Familistère are warned—herein the directors give proof alike of humanity and wisdom—that they will not find it easy to live up to the high standard of conduct which is maintained in that institution. They are told, indeed, that it will require persistent efforts on their part to break themselves off from their former bad habits, and conduct themselves according to the lines laid down for their benefit by the directors. Still, they are encouraged to hope that, if they but struggle on manfully, they may in time develop into worthy members of the association; and the assurance is given them that, so long as they are doing their best, the directors will deal gently with them—will lead them by the hand, as it were, helping and advising them, and trying

to make the rough places of their path smooth. This treatment is, of course, reserved exclusively for the tractable inmates—for such as sin through ignorance. "Quant à ceux qui, par mépris des considérations qui précédent, se feraient un malin plaisir des contraventions au bon ordre de l'association, il y aura pour eux l'amende d'abord et le congé ensuite, l'association ne devant conserver dans son sein que les personnes désireuses de coopérer au bonheur de tout le monde."

This little book of rules and regulations is, it must be confessed, somewhat depressing reading. As one ponders on its contents the conviction creeps into one's mind that life in the veriest little hovel would be better worth living than in the best organized of Familistères.

From Good Words.

W. V.'S BEDTIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE INVISIBLE PLAYMATE."

In these winter evenings, thanks to the Great Northern, and to Hesperus who brings all things home, I reach my doorstep about half an hour before W. V.'s bedtime. A sturdy, rosy, flaxen-haired little body opens to my well-known knock, takes a kiss on the tip of her nose, seizes my umbrella, and makes a great show of assisting me with my heavy overcoat. She leads me into the dining-room, gets my slippers, runs my bootlaces into Gordian knots in her precipitate zeal, and announces that *she* has "set" the tea. At table she slips furtively on to my knee, and we are both happy till a severe voice, "Now, father!" reminds us of the reign of law in general, and of that law in particular which enacts that it is shocking in little girls to want everything they see, and most reprehensible in elderly people (I elderly!) to encourage them.

We are glad to escape to the armchair, where, after I have lit my pipe and W. V. has blown out the little elf

of flame, we conspire—not overtly indeed, but each in his deep mind—how we shall baffle domestic tyranny and evade, if but for a few brief minutes of recorded time, the cubicular moment and the inevitable hand of the bath-maiden. The critical instant occurs about half-way through my first pipe, and W. V.'s devices for respite or escape are at once innumerable and transparently ingenious. I admit my connivance without a blush, though I may perchance weakly observe: "One sees so little of her, mother;" for how delightful it is when she sings or recites—and no one would be so rude as to interrupt singing or recitation—to watch the little hands waving in "the air so blue," the little fingers flickering above her head in imitation of the sparks at the forge, the little arms nursing an imaginary weeping dolly, the blue eyes lit up with excitement as they gaze abroad from the cherry-tree into the "foreign lands" beyond the garden wall.

She has much to tell me about the day's doings. Yes, she *has* been clay-modelling. I have seen some of her marvellous baskets of fruit and birds' nests and ivy leaves; but to-day she has been doing what dear old Mother Nature did in one of her happy moods some millenniums ago—making a sea with an island in it; and mountains, one a volcano with a red crayon-colored top, around the sea; and a river with a bridge across it; quite a boldly conceived but human-hearted fragment of a new planet. Of course Miss Jessie helped her, but she would soon be able, all by herself, to create a new world in which there should be ever-blossoming spring and a golden age and fairies to make the impossible commonplace. W. V. does not put it in that way, but those, I fancy, would be the characteristics of a universe of her happy and innocent contriving.

At a *Kindergarten* one learns, of course, many things besides clay-modelling: poetry, for instance, and singing, and natural history; drill and ball-playing and dancing; coloring and drawing and paper-cutting. And am I

not curious—this with a glance at the clock which is on the stroke of seven—to hear the new verse of her last French song? Shall she recite "Purr, purr!" or "The Swing"? Or would it not be an agreeable change to have her sing "Up into the Cherry Tree," or "The Busy Blacksmith"?

Any or all of these would be indeed delectable, but parting is the same sweet sorrow at the last as at the first. When she has recited and sung I draw her between my knees and begin: "There was once a very naughty little girl, and her name was W. V."

"No, father, a good little girl."

"Well, there was a good little girl, and her name was Gladys."

"No, father, a *good* little girl called W. V."

"Well, a good little girl called W. V.; and she was 'quickly obedient'; and when her father said she was to go to bed, she said: 'Yes, father,' and she just *flew*, and gave no trouble."

"And did her father come up and kiss her?"

"Why, of course, he did."

A few minutes later she is kneeling on the bed with her head nestled

in my breast, repeating her evening prayer:—

"Dear Father, whom I cannot see,
Smile down from heaven on little me.
Let angels through the darkness spread
Their holy wings about my bed.
And keep me safe, because I am
The heavenly Shepherd's little lamb.
Dear God our Father, watch and keep
Father and mother while they sleep;

"and bless Dennis, and Ronnie, and Uncle John, and Auntie Bonnie, and Phyllis (did Phyllis squint when she was a baby? Poor Phyllis!); and Madame, and Lucille (she is only a tiny little child; a quarter past three years or something like that); and Ivo and Wilfrid (he has bronchitis very badly; he can't come out this winter; aren't you sorry for him? Really a dear little boy.)"

"Any one else?"

"Auntie Edie and grandma. (He will have plenty to do, won't he?)"

"And 'Teach me'—I suggest.

"Teach me to do what I am told,
And help me to be good as gold."

And a whisper comes from the pillow as I tuck in the elder-down: "Now he will be wondering whether I *am* going to be a good girl."

Men of Stone.—Among the natural wonders of the south-western states of America, says the *Pendleton East Oregonian*, are the Superstitious Mountains, which loom up from the arid desert to the east of the Salt River Valley. These mountains are so curious that, as long as Arizona has been settled, the Indians would have nothing to do with them. In consequence they are full of deer, ibex, bear, and other big game. The Superstitious Mountains rise out of the level surface of the desert like the pyramids of Egypt. On the crest of this unique range, and in full view of the rarefied atmosphere for an immense distance from the plain, are hundreds of queer figures, representing men in all attitudes. When you look first you are sure they are men, and when you turn your gaze again to them you are as absolutely certain of it as you can be of anything. They repre-

sent ball throwers, outlooks, mere viewers of the country roundabout, men recumbent and contemplate, others starting on a foot race, and in every conceivable posture and position. They are not real flesh and blood men, however—nothing but stone sienite—yet, nothing can convince the Indians, and some white men, that they are not genuine. They say they are real mortals turned to stone, petrified by the peculiar condition of the air on the mountains. This belief has grown out of an Apache legend handed down for hundreds of years. They have it that an ancient chief, who had learned of the curious character of the Superstitious Mountains, forbade any of his people to go there. A large band, however, one day discovered a way to get in by a precipitous route, and finally reached the top. It resulted as the chief had said—they never got down alive.

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